

# Clear Horizons

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**Winter 1957-1958**

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## *As We Go To Press*

Christmas is the greatest time of the year, the most holy of times of remembrance and of course something on Christmas ought to be the lead article of the Winter issue of *Clear Horizons*. The outstanding author and poet, **Grace Noll Crowell** (p. 1), summarized the important events and the deep meanings of Christmas. She does a usual splendid piece of writing, and also captures the mystery and transcendence of the whole season. . . . **Emily Sander** (p. 5) takes up something that most people avoid—*the command to be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect*. Most of us try to explain that away, giving it meanings that relieve us of the responsibility of perfection. Yet the command is there and she does a fine job of putting us in our place. Most ministers, like most other people who hold jobs, want to get along in their profession, and in most cases that means getting a bigger church, a bigger home, a bigger salary. Andy Griffin was different in a saintly way, and be sure to read **Aubrey Haines'** story (p. 9) about him. . . . **Vance Havner** (p. 15) found out from experience that it was not necessary for him to go into the woods to find inspiration, that even a kitchen sink would do. . . . It is quite common to be asked how a husband and wife can find a meaningful prayer pattern together. Too often they each might have a meaningful pattern alone, but when it comes to merging the two into a single, corporate pattern that they both can enjoy and find helpful, it is a different story. **Ruth Pres** (p. 17) reports on one successful pattern. . . . If you want to increase your faith, cling up on your prayers as **Thelma M. Turner** (p. 24) suggests. . . . **Allan A. Hunter** (p. 26) does a wonderful job of showing the relationship between medical science and Christianity. He admits the mistakes of both sides, but goes ahead to show the areas of common concern and success. . . . Did you ever wonder where the term, "He's on my wagon," came from? Well, **Duane Valentry** (p. 37) writes about a "Gospel Wagon" that will be news to most readers. You'll like it. . . . When it comes to the real meaning of love, no one in this country knows more about it than **Starr Daily** (p. 43). He himself is a living witness to the transforming power of Love incarnate. He does a wonderful service in explaining the ingredients of love, and then tells us of examples where it works miracles with young people.

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## **CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE**

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# Clear Horizons

Eighteenth Year

Winter, 1957-58

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A little child drew them over the frosted hillsides, down the shadowed slopes, and into the little sleeping town."

## *The Infant Christ*

*Grace Noll Crowell*

BEFORE the man there ever is the child. Come see that child. He has changed the course of countless millions. He change ours from a drab dull-to ever increasing light and

me see him—the Christ whose etched arms enfold the enearth; whose sandaled foot-are heard on the farthest s; and whose voice, clear and ing, still rings back from the osts of eternity to guide us on vav.

re is a child, worshiped from birth—a child before whom have knelt, and vast multi-have fallen prostrate in love doration, grateful beyond utce for the starlit hour when so graciously sent a Saviour to ost and bewildered world.

sent a child, born as we are here was divinity made hu-that he might better under-our needs, our desires, and

our weaknesses. We can picture vividly that far-off, glorious hour—a winter night, glistening with silver frost and star dust. The inn's worn travelers asleep after their long journeys. A quiet night save for the occasional stir of a somnolent ox, or the thin bleat of a dreaming sheep. Our Lord was born in quietude. He was a part of the majesty and silence of that star-spangled night.

He was a herald of peace in order that mankind, in desperation over wars and rumors of wars, may lay hold of him and find that certain and enduring peace. A star was his insignia, shining down like a jewel from the heavens. Its rays penetrate the farthest corners of the earth that men may behold them and walk in their steadfast light. His lifted banner bears the word "good will" that all who see it may come to learn its vital meaning.

God chose a virgin, a young woman of purity and beauty, to

the book *Come See a Man* by Grace Noll Crowell, by permission of the publisher, Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.



bear his Son for him. He sought far and found a man of sterling integrity and strength to be his child's foster father.

Christ's birth occurred in a small, humble town. A city with its absorption in things of the world would not have been a fitting place for that birth. God knows it is easier to find our Lord in quietness than among vast, clamoring throngs. Bethlehem lay close to the sweet-scented fields of earth. This little town was chosen, we may be sure, so that those who lived in isolated places could feel at ease as they came hurrying to worship him that night. He is a part of all tranquillity, and later on he found his greatest solace and strength in solitude and in communion with his Father.

He was poor in order that the poorest of earth might seek his companionship, unembarrassed by their own poverty. He drew kings to his side, for inherently they sensed his nobility and they felt a close kinship with him. He accepted their gifts as an emblem of the stewardship that is ever required for the futherance of his kingdom here on earth.

In these modern days we unfailingly celebrate Christmas in our somewhat barbaric fashion. We string miles of glittering tinsel, we hang high-lighted baubles, we dress our outdoor shrubbery with fire

flowers in his honor (and to pl and possibly outdo our neighbors. Our Santa Claus' often become crude symbols of the day. Perhaps some of this may be pleasing to our Lord, but his own colors of the far-off night were but shades—black and silver—the black of the night, and the silver of the star that sifted light through the rafters upon his manger bed.

It does not take blazing colors to draw mankind to him. Later on he told us of his drawing power when he said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

On that first night his drawing power was clearly evident: He drew the shepherds from their all but sacred task of shepherding. In great excitement, they left their dependent flocks when they saw the angels with flashing wings and the glorious oratorio which filled the earth from the suddenly opened sluice gates of heaven.

A little child drew them over the frosted hillsides, down the shaded slopes, and into the little Bethlehem town. Somehow we may not believe that when they returned they found their waiting shepherds for a God who could so move heaven and earth, and the heavenly men that night, could and would attend to that shepherdless flock.

They drew kings from all kingdoms, and no doubt many of the village folk crowded the

ay in their eager witnessing  
event. Oh, the wonder of it  
child, born on a winter night  
go, was to become the light  
world—a light that pene-  
the deepest jungle darkness,  
erces shrouded ignorance and  
ty, that glows through the  
vs of troubled minds, until  
hole wide world will at last be  
n its powerful radiance.

nge that his only food at the  
as his mother's milk, yet he  
f was to become the bread of  
r a hungry, starving world,  
at he, upon whom more false-  
were told than upon any liv-

ing person, was to become the solid  
foundation of truth—truth where-  
by any earnest seeker may walk life-  
long and not go astray.

Truly a little child shall lead  
them. Come, let us go together  
down the old, and often lost, road  
to find the Christ child there in  
his mother's arms. May we come—  
all the races of the earth joined as  
one—and kneel to worship him  
at his manger side. Then may we  
arise and "GO TELL," as he later  
bade us do, until every ear shall  
hear and every knee bow before  
him, for he tells us this truly is to  
happen.

## Invitation

*Helen G. Jefferson*

Enter the open chapel door,  
Stand still a little while before  
You kneel, in quietness prepare  
The altar of your heart for prayer.

Its candles lit, go forward, bend  
The knee, let incense-praise ascend.  
Commune with God for He is near,  
Wait silently if you would hear

The still small Voice, for He will speak.  
His Presence comes to those who seek.  
Pledge Him anew your yielded heart,  
Then rise and with God's peace depart.

## Faith is Not Blind

Muriel Sanatsan

FAITH cannot be half-hearted or vague if we wish to succeed. It must not be general—it must be specific and definite. It must be an acknowledged faith in something, and it must be within the bounds of *reason*. Faith is more than hope—it is knowledge! It is sustained, intelligent purpose, and a dependence on known law.

Faith is not credulity—it is belief based on knowledge or experience. It is confident dependence on something known and trusted. It is not unintelligence—it is relying on something that reason or common sense has recognized and approved. We do not look up at a pine tree and have "faith" that it will produce *carrots*. Skeptics incorrectly charge that faith is contrary to reason. True, it transcends reason; but it is always based upon it, although it often leaps beyond it.

Almost every act in life is based on faith, although we do not specifically recognize it as such. We have faith as children that we will have lunch today, because Mother has always given us lunch heretofore—and even if lunch is late, we know it will come. And we would not say, "There is no Mother," if lunch failed to appear! We would *know*

there was some reason unknown to us as yet, why this situation occurred.

And if Mother did not appear and we were hungry, we would sit down and pound the table and demand that food appear out of the blue. We would look in the refrigerator and the cupboard and the bread-box and find something for ourselves; or go to the grocery for supplies. And if no food was available, we would do what seems advisable, and *wait* for the solution of our problems. That is—it is also common sense.

The Infinite Spirit knows every human being alive, and It knows exactly through whom assistance can be brought. It knows every material thing, and every immaterial force in the universe that It can bring to our assistance. We do not—nor do we need to. It knows exactly how our desire and plan can fit into the plans of others, and of Its own. We do our part. Our part is to *use* what comes to us. We know that what we need we are put in touch with. Our part is to *open* to receive and to receive our help when it comes. Let us "ask in faith, *nothing wavering*"



they prized and revered life and wanted with all their hearts to be worthy of such a gift."

## *Unfolding the Perfection Within Us*

*Emily Sander*

WHEN WE BEHOLD the perfection reached in nature, the pleasing poetry of the bare branches of the tree, the flower of the field, the fruit of the vine, is it too much to expect perfection of man? "Be ye perfect even as the Father which is in heaven is perfect." To look into the face of Christ and see the Light there must silence any fears the disciples might have entertained that this was too hard a saying. But of late it has become a sign of modesty, of humility, to excuse ourselves from involvement in the matter with the platitudinous "No one is perfect." We postpone the quest for Jesus' "perfection." Indeed, we are not sure we can ever be like the perfect person. Webster's dictionary gives this simple definition of perfect: "possessing all the properties or qualities naturally belonging to it." We are not required to bring to perfection anything but that which is essentially ours. To this extent we must be creative, to unfold with courage and patience our portion of "perfection." This is a natural process of growth to a natural wholeness. We would like the perfect person.

A successful minister was asked what he considered the secret of his popularity. "Perhaps, just a strong urge to be friendly," was his reply. He had let his talent for friendliness grow. Those who are near the perfect mark believe in perfection. I recall a spiritual leader, a noted psychiatrist, a great humanitarian, a retired nurse, and an unknown saint. These people are positive. They keep a positive faith in God and man. They expect goodness, and never slip for long into a state of criticism, self-pity, or pessimism. They know joy and are eager for others to know it. The spiritual leader takes time to tell fairy tales and bring joy to the hearts of little children—and grown children as well. The psychiatrist moves in an atmosphere of infectious gaiety which makes people feel normal just to be with him. The humanitarian is as humble in heart as the least of his admirers.

No doubt these I have chosen have personal peculiarities, little human ways that are sometimes trying to those about them. Mary, Jesus' mother, and Martha found Jesus trying at times. Yet, I believe these and many like them are bringing to perfection the proper-

ties or qualities that are naturally theirs. They have served with whatsoever talent they have found to use wherever they have found themselves until they have burst the shell of self and experienced the joy of participation in the Whole. However, I do not think these people started out to be perfect. No, I think they prized and revered

Life and wanted with all their hearts to be worthy of such a

Every command of Jesus contains the seed of promise. Ours the joy of cultivation, ours the joy of sowing and reaping and gathering in the barns. Oh, may the promised "perfect" capture our imaginations, our hearts to believe and add to our faith in his love.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Meditation

My perfection is potentially within me now. It is that which is in God's sight. I am content to be the fruit of His plan for me. As I sit in the stillness I shall feel the stir of His will in me. As I listen I shall hear the word of His command. All other voices are silenced: the voice of envy; the desire to reap where another has plowed and sown; the voice of excuse and procrastination, of fear and weakness. Speak Lord, for Thy servant heareth. Thou who knowest all things, know Thyself in me.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Resurrection

*Edgar Daniel Kramer*

Down through the blackness

A snowflake flies,

White, like a ghost in the night,

Then dies;

Death is as far

As our wisdom goes,

Though the snowflake lives

In the coming rose.



Constructive affirmations impressed deeply upon subconscious mind produce good results."

# How to Get More Out of Life

Grenville Kleiser

YOU ARE A CHILD OF GOD.  
Made in His image and likeness, He has endowed

with the power of choice, creativity, and the gift of wisdom. You possess such cardinal qualities as faith, integrity, kindness, honesty, humility, gratitude, and serenity.

That you do with today's blessings and opportunities will largely determine your life and destiny.

Christ is the perfect pattern for you to follow, your infallible guide, teacher, and counsellor. Read the Bible for words of eternal

\* \*

Love is the greatest thing in the world. It is the fulfillment of the law. "God is love: and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

Essentials of happiness are something good to do, something good to give, and something good to hope for. He lives long who lives well. Start at the beginning of the day and do some of the most important things first. Do them and give them your first attention.

Develop the habit of cheerfulness and optimism. Thinking about life hopefully can be easily developed. Gratitude is

in itself one of the most pleasurable feelings.

\* \*

Of all Christian graces humility is foremost. It endows one with mental and moral perspective to see life as a whole and to take time to judge and to choose wisely.

Constructive affirmations impressed deeply upon the subconscious mind produce good results. Such affirmations should be reasonable, sincere, positive.

An important part in the business of life is to be uniformly kind. Keep your life pure, holy, and peaceful. Contribute your share to the world's betterment.

Cultivate a keen relish for the true, the beautiful, and the pleasant. Steadfast perseverance can attain the seemingly impossible.

\* \*

Develop a gracious personality. It is a rich possession, particularly in advancing years. To be kind, loving, and affable wins favor in any company. Patience, self-restraint and poise are worthy of careful cultivation.

Ask yourself frankly whether you are conducting your life upon as high a plane as you might, or whether you are satisfied with a

standard below your best. Ask yourself whether you really desire to make the most of your powers and opportunities.

If you do so desire, then definitely determine to make this day richer, fuller, and better in aim and achievement than ever before. By translating your fine sense of aspiration into actual daily deeds, you grow toward your ideal. Link your lofty thoughts to earnest, active effort and good results will inevitably follow.

The great things you intend to do some time must have a beginning if they are ever to be done, so begin to do something great today.

\* \*

Your life should consist chiefly of work, service, cooperation,

achievement, and happiness. A intelligently planned world will have no room nor provision for sickness, discord, worry, fear, or other ills which affect mankind. These man-made beliefs will be eliminated as rapidly as men reform their lives to God's truth and law.

The world steadily advances toward a glorious goal, and you do your share to speed its progress by keeping your personal life in harmony with the divine plan.

Give a portion of your time to prayer, meditation, and spiritual culture. Read each day the thoughts of some great religious writer; they may quicken you.

Keep your life strong, true, purposeful, and Godward.

\* \* \* \*

## Open Before Christmas

*Harold A. Schulz*

There are a pile of Christmas gifts  
Around the glowing Christmas tree  
In pretty paper, all addressed  
"With love," especially for me.

The warning sign upon each one  
I follow much to my dismay,  
For I have always kept the rule  
"Don't Open until Christmas Day."

Yet, with this season's happiness  
There is the heart gift we hold dear,  
Where love desires to be unwrapped,  
For Christmas cheer is always here.

prays with them, too, and helps them to solve their many personal problems."

# *Andy Griffin, Delinquents, and Redemption*

*Aubrey B. Haines*

WHEN a boy is left an orphan in his early teens, he is good material for delinquency. But when, some years of wandering aimless about, he resolves to make tag with delinquents his career, this is news! Such a man is Andy M. Griffin, minister of Emmanuel Methodist Church, Los Angeles.

Located on the east side of the city is the worst looking Methodist church in town, Rev. Andy Griffin admits. It is so unattractive that he has only twenty or thirty members who attend Sunday services. Yet this is a church to which teen-agers come in droves. Many as 250 participate in its play activities, and up to 1,200 are reached indirectly through its social work.

Our young people consider themselves the bad apples of the youth," Rev. Andy says. "Mexican-Americans, they have made this church their home. They have been rejected at home, at school, and in the search for jobs. Many of them are narcotics addicts, and many have been members of gangs that

caused trouble in their own neighborhood and throughout the city."

To become members of one hot rod club, the boys had to show at least one traffic citation and be able to turn a downtown street corner at fifty miles an hour. The police were always on the lookout for them. Hence the youths felt that they were under suspicion and persecuted.

Manuel is a case in point. He feels rejected at home, and rightly so, for his parents are not sober long enough to realize that he and their other children have problems. Hence drug and liquor addiction are behind Manuel's crimes as well as his parents' neglect. The boy has such frustrations that he cannot concentrate well in school. His grades are therefore poor, and in sports he cannot rank as well as his fellows. Full of fear, he finds it impossible to get work. But even if he had no complexes, he would not know how to ask for it. Drooping his head and refusing to look at his potential employer, he grunts, "Got a job?" Being unattractive in personality and dress and failing to walk erectly, he cannot get work.



It is such youths as this boy that Rev. Andy found in the neighborhood when he became minister of Emmanuel Church.

Just south of the church is an old house which the teen-agers have taken over to renovate and redecorate. Here the young people flock in droves, and Rev. Andy talks to them as a group as well as counsels with each one personally.

His remarks are always in their own terms. "There was a prostitute by the name of Mary Magdalene," he begins. "She was a pal of Jesus. But when she came face to face with him, she had to change her ways. She couldn't be a delinquent and a Christian at the same time."

Or he tells them about the Prodigal Son. "He wasn't entirely bad but a long way from being what he could be. He had to go out and waste all the money his Dad gave him before he realized what a fool he'd been. He sunk as deeply as he could get, eating with the pigs. When he came to himself, he was no longer willing to stay in the pigpen. He had a father who loved him and, when he went back home, his Dad welcomed him with joy." The young people listen attentively, for Rev. Andy's picturesque speech touches their experience. They are quick to understand that what he tells them should be taken to heart and applied personally.

The Eastside teen-agers have activ-

ities also. Two hot rod clubs no longer vie to see which can be more daring. Today the Rod Knockers and the Saints drive within the city and their principal aim is to beat the drivers. Sixty fellows make up these two clubs. A group of Chasers—numbering slightly over a hundred—was so large that they had to move to a playground to meet, although the church sponsors it. Rev. Andy is teaching the young people not to expect everything to come their way; they must learn to give, too. Already they have helped to support a blind child and a destitute family.

Those youths not attracted to hot rod clubs are enrolled in many other groups. Some have an airplane or model railroad club. Some of them have organized a band or orchestra and play the latest popular tunes. Each group has its own meetings at various times throughout the week, which gives Rev. Andy the chance to talk with them individually. He prays with them, too, and helps them to solve many personal problems. He shows them how God and faith in Christ can lift them out of their most desperate moods. On Thursday morning the minister meets with parents of these Eastside young people to discuss with them their responsibilities and family problems.

Forty per cent of these teen-agers are girls. Sewing classes and beauty and make-up clubs attract their

t. Volunteers come to show girls how to improve their personal appearance, and manufacturers of beauty aids gladly donate materials for these classes.

These young people are old enough to work. Hence Rev. Andy is now trying to get workshops started so that they may have jobs. He wants them to form a corporation operated by themselves, to give them a new sense of responsibility. Already he has plans for a workshop, and masonite is now available for the production of a center's junior tool kit. Sometime in the near future, he hopes, fellows can make these kits in production, while the girls make doll clothes for the wholesale market.

In the summer of 1954 these teenagers met their greatest test. One night eighteen members of the White Fence Gang, a group of juvenile delinquents, ripped into the church and started a riot. Three meetings were in progress at the time. Armed with homemade guns, rods, and jagged wine bottles, the youths proceeded to beat up a member of the Eastside young men's club and to stab four of them. Two were seriously wounded.

Fortunately, however, Emmanuel Church did not lose its youth groups after these savage beatings and knifings. The next week Rev. Andy told his young people:

"A man in Galilee a long time ago had a terrible time as the leader of a good gang. But he didn't give up, even though the people got very rough with him and finally killed him on a cross. The only life is the decent life—the good life."

The Sunday following the riot, when Rev. Griffin preached to his congregation, he said: "Among the friends of Jesus was a prostitute, Mary Magdalene. And Paul was a ne'er-do-well until his conversion. We must forgive the White Fence Gang. Someone must open doors to them and give them consideration and love."

For the past several years Emmanuel Church has done just that. "Three of us work here from eight in the morning until eleven at night," Rev. Andy says. Nevertheless, he is supremely happy, for he is achieving something that almost no other church in America has tackled—working first hand with juvenile delinquents.

In the long run what does it all amount to? The answer is that between eighty and ninety per cent of the Eastside teen-agers are actually rehabilitated. Griffin's passion for working with such youths is no accident. Once a gambling operator himself in Kansas City, he knows what liquor can do to a person and what it means to come within the clutches of the law. The son of a well-to-do father who lost every-

thing in the depression of the 1930's and who died when Andy was thirteen, the youth was left completely alone in the world when his mother died shortly thereafter. From then on Andy was on his own. Quitting school, he roamed the country, living by his wits. Reaching his later teens, he earned his way mostly by bookmaking and gambling and was intimately acquainted with a number of gangsters.

Coming to Los Angeles, he opened a gambling hall, with a beer parlor in front. In 1948, however, he resolved to look for a better life than he had. "It was no dramatic conversion," he recalls, "but rather a time of re-evaluating myself. I wanted to discover something that I could have faith in. I knew that I was headed the wrong way. For no special reason other than that I had always been religiously inclined, I began talking to ministers of various denominations. None showed particular interest in me, until I finally met the Methodist District Superintendent, who saw something promising. He made me an assistant pastor without pay."

Living on his leftover gambling proceeds until the church put him on a salary, Rev. Andy finally was assigned to be minister of a middle-class church of respectable parishioners. But the job of serving a group of solid suburbanites soon

became boring. Somehow he got out of place. He needed something to challenge his abilities. When the District Superintendent assigned him to Emmanuel Church, Andy got what he wanted.

"Soon afterwards," he recalls, "I went to the church about one o'clock one morning. On entering, I heard a scuffling sound. Flicking on the light, I found several young men who had been drinking there in the dark. It was a longtime cuss they told me. I saw in these men the kind of fellow I had been years before and decided that this was where I could be far more effective than in merely preaching on Sundays, arranging dinners on Wednesday."

There is something about a young minister that cannot be put into words. He is one of those unusual persons who cannot be different to human need. A Christian, Rev. Andy is a man who

"When I see a kid experiencing the same kind of redemption I feel about him the same way I felt about myself," he says. "How does this redemption come about? "From seeking a Power greater than yourself." In seeking this Power, Rev. Andy has found sufficient strength and courage to make of Emmanuel a church where the Eastside young people are made to make himself the "Preacher-Pastor of the Eastside Kids."



in the redwood forest the humble trees reached valiantly for the light."

# Made for Light, Not for Darkness

*Katherine Bevis*

WE READ in John's First Epistle, these words, "God is light, and in him darkness at all." (1:5)

It is a wonderful thing to ponder the origin and nature of LIGHT. It could exhaust many hours in doing so. But the end result would be nil if we failed to see that we and all creatures are made for light. We are NOT made to dwell in darkness. Plants fade and die if they are cut off from light. Fish suffocated to live in dark pools. The depths of the earth lose the power of vision. As for man, we know only too well the debilitating effect upon health when he fails to expose himself to sunlight, not to mention the insidious reaction of his character when he walks the shadowed paths of the ungodly.

Nothing is more essential to life than light. For a demonstration of this truth, one of many that could be cited, visit Muir Woods, one of the redwood forests of California. There you may thrill to the towering heights of the sequoia, many of these being older than our Christian era, and the tallest rising to a height of 246 feet.

Let us not stir up our imagination by dwelling on the descrip-

tion of the majestic redwood; for growing in this redwood forest is another species of tree—the bay tree from which the bay leaf comes—deserving of our attention.

Walking down the silent paths beneath the giant canopy of redwoods, the aroma of this tree is definitely noticeable. But the thing that will impress one most is how this bay tree has managed to survive, rather than the aroma coming from its leaves. Many of them just lie flat on the ground. Of course they did not wish to grow that way. If they could have spoken, they would not have hesitated to object to such an extremity; but they had no choice about it.

And there in the redwood forest, as you look at these trees so humble in their growth—especially when one thinks of the stately redwood—the guide explains to you how these trees, growing beneath the lofty umbrella of redwoods above them, reached valiantly for the light, stretching their leafy palms out farther and farther, until in time they lost their balance and toppled over flat on the ground. Fortunately, they kept their taproots and managed to receive sufficient nourishment from the soil. The

consequence was they survived even though they were flat on their backs.

As one gazes upon the green vitality of this tree, and hears the explanation of its survival, one can sense the intrinsic message it gives

out—At all costs, no matter what the consequences, we were made light, not darkness, and if we were in the light—God's Divine Light—we shall achieve purpose in life and, in the life to come, perishable blessing and joy.

\* \* \* \*

## True Prayer

*Mabel R. Curtis*

To know the love of God to me,  
His child, though I unworthy be,  
And let it fill the whole of me —  
This is true prayer.

To love Him with heart, soul, and mind;  
My great desire His will to find  
And to Himself my spirit bind —  
This is true prayer.

To rise above the lesser things  
And know the joy communion brings,  
To search His Word till my heart sings—  
This is true prayer.

Then to my brother I would turn,  
Forgiving, giving, loving; learn  
The good in him all to discern—  
This is true prayer.

To give to God with joy my best,  
Nor anxious be—His child is blessed  
To let results in His hands rest—  
This is true prayer.

To then accept His gifts, nor plead  
For aught from Him—He knows my need;  
To thankful be in thought and deed—  
This is true prayer.

It is a greater victory to be sweet when things don't work out."

## *Reverie at the Kitchen Sink*

*Vance Havner*

HAD it all planned. This was to be my best vacation. I would spend mornings out at the Old Mill meditating and writing. I intended to think upon my message for the future. Months of teaching had wearied me and I needed to recharge my batteries. Perhaps out of it all I might come away with a new vision to undertake a new venture. The prospect was intriguing.

For a few days things went according to plan. There were some quiet mornings out in my woodland retreat. I gathered many fresh flowers for ministry of tongue and pen. The Boy and I made several short expeditions that refreshed my spirit.

When my planned vacation went off on a tailspin. Sara came down with an infected finger that called for an operation which put me to bed washing and odd jobs around the house. I took a terrible cold in the spring after going all winter without one. The rains set in and a trip to the Old Mill was unthinkable. It was too hot and the birds about closed their concerts for the season. The Boy went off to school. Mail was light, as it always is

at this time of year. What was to have been my favorite brand of vacation flattened out into a rather humdrum of ordinary, unexciting days.

Over the kitchen sink I mused on it. And it came to me that it is a greater victory to be sweet when things don't work out and life settles down to dull monotony. "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." To gain command of drab circumstances and rise above plans gone wrong is greater than a vision on a mountain top. We like to "take cities," do the spectacular, and chalk up impressive exploits. But the conquest of self, learning to be more than conquerors within, is a greater attainment than to make our own fondest dreams come true.

After all, our deepest insights do not come in favored spots under ideal conditions. Jacob gets his best dream on his hardest pillow. Seeking some serene retreat and arranging your Peniel where you will see your greatest vision, never works out. The greatest literature and music never came out of made-to-order perfect settings. And surely the best of our hymns and reli-



gious classics were not written in rocking chairs at vacation hide-outs.

God is not making successes, He is growing saints, who grow best in situations that test the soul. How often does life take strange turns that do not make sense to us! Our well-laid plans are wrecked, and drudgery or distress take the time we meant to dream. We learn more washing the dishes than walking the woods.

It is well to take time out to be still in the solitudes and listen for fresh word from heaven. By all means, we ought to come apart and rest awhile. But if circumstance shuts down upon us and we cannot escape to the woods, we can talk to Headquarters from the kitchen sink

or the noisy throng. Do not get the idea that God can be reached only in the solitude or the sanctuary. He is present whenever and wherever you need Him and as available at times of stress as in hours of calm. The way into the Holiest is ever open and the veil is rent. He hears you and you can hear Him above any tumult. More important than a hide-out in the mountains is a haven in your heart to which you can withdraw at any time anywhere. If you have no quiet place there, it will do little good to hunt for it here and there. You have to take yourself along; he will find a sanctuary without, who carries none within.

\* \* \* \*

## Haven

*Inez Marshall*

Within your heart, when peace is found,  
Your daily pathway is not bound  
By irksome tasks, nor is it fraught  
With brief catastrophes unsought.

You find your path is smooth and fair  
With glory moments everywhere,  
And you're a person set apart  
When peace and faith are in your heart.

"We often received a gentle reminder to rejoice ever  
—and pray without ceasing."

## Prayer Pattern for Husbands and Wives

Ruth Prescott

POSED a question when I was asked how husbands and wives who deeply desire to agree in prayer can develop a technique which serve as a starter for this seemingly difficult project.

Because my husband and I are experiencing oneness in prayer together after long and sincere thinking, does not qualify us to recommend procedures for others to follow, nor yet does it allow us to ignore the urgencies of another's. So, with the earnest desire to be a humble channel, I am asking for an inspired pen as I try to review and evaluate our personal experiences in this field of Christ-living.

With an awakened consciousness of the power in prayer and a study of the basis of united prayer projects, my husband and I began to put it to the test in our daily lives together. We immediately encountered unexpected barriers, the most serious of which seemed to be differing interests and objectives.

Many husbands and wives meet in prayer as they do in marriage, from very different backgrounds which require adjustments that only faith and real necessity can achieve in either area. We were certainly no

exception. A search for common ground on which to honestly meet without sense of personal loss disclosed the fact that our ways of individual prayer were poles apart. We had to dig down to find fundamentals.

We found agreement in mutual acknowledgement of God as our creator, ourselves created in His Image, and that image a manifestation of the Being of God—Love. The disturbing divisions of personalized interests and objectives faded as we spontaneously prayed together, "Thank you, God, for your Love and for our love."

The next barrier confronting us was identified without profound research. It was made up of little irritating personal habits of which we were naturally unaware. Does he *have* to yawn and clear his throat loudly to prepare for silence? Must she *always* swing her foot while sitting quietly before God? And so on. No reader needs a list of these barriers. We can all recognize a familiar pattern—in the other person!

Fortunately we were each endowed with a sense of humor without which "all would be lost" in our happy marriage, and we found this

faculty most useful also in our prayer project. There was no effort involved in the frequent and spontaneous prayers, "Oh Lord, give me patience!" To which request we often received a gentle reminder to rejoice evermore—and pray without ceasing.

These much neglected Siamese twins might survive when separated, tho' results are never assured. The first twin likely to die after separation is the rejoice-evermore one, after which the pray-without-ceasing twin becomes too frail to function normally.

I found that my concern for the rejoice-evermore twin became identified with my husband. I really wanted him to experience joy—even at a cost to myself, which obviously required considerable prayer-without-ceasing on my part—just at first! This quite different emphasis put several well established habits into reverse with subsequent re-evaluation of the deeper meaning of marriage.

What a surprise to discover that we must be patient—with ourselves! We encountered another quite formidable barrier, securely built of smugly entrenched defenses. This was erected to protect our free wills—also something called righteous indignation (with the other one). This discovery was most enlightening and a highly individual experience.

Once we realized that we had

been maintaining effective barriers which prevented harmony based on agreement, those cherished defenses were leveled. This action required frequent stern reminders—to ourselves—of course!

God's purpose in creating us as His Image as male and female reveals itself to us very gradually over long periods of life experience. Suddenly a burst of revelation makes sense to us out of those mysterious glimpses and momentary visions of enlightenment. Husbands and wives who really *want* to pray together are already traveling the path toward understanding of holy ground where two have become one in marriage. They are becoming eligible to stand among the chosen who are sent two by two—to carry the good news of the Kingdom of Peace to earth. And this peace has to be found within *us*.

It actually does become clear eventually to each of us that our husband or our wife cannot be changed to suit conditions of our choice by efforts on our part—because God created us male and female for a very definite purpose. He meant to complement—not duplicate or supplement—each other.

According to Webster "a complement is that which makes up or supplies a deficiency" and it includes "two things (persons?) which together fully complete each other and together constitute a whole." When we

ot this definition as applied to  
elves there begins for us a fur-  
understanding of the union of  
posite polarities wherein the word  
ment takes on new mean-

ersonally, I am now convinced  
g last that I cannot duplicate in  
lf what I may assume to be  
husband's thinking. Nor can I  
more entertain hope that I may  
le to convey to him with nicety  
actitude just what I think—or  
But I can now stand beside my  
and within the holy of holies  
e we pray together that God's  
be done in *us* as it is in heaven.  
We know not what to pray for  
e ought" because our own con-  
are usually colored by a per-  
will which we may honestly  
ve to be dedicated to God.  
le surrender to God's will is  
sary to each prayer partner in  
uration for each fresh prayer  
each.

ne morning my husband and I  
d together before the Lord,  
estly seeking to experience seren-  
while poignantly aware of a  
of harmony between us. Clear  
ance directed attention to the  
's Prayer. Surely this so familiar  
of worship used since child-  
could scarcely supply *us* with  
ing new!

it during a period of contem-  
on we were both clearly direct-  
o pray this Prayer given us by

Jesus—together and out loud every  
hour on the hour for twelve con-  
secutive hours of each day, continu-  
ing this ritual for the following  
twelve days. This procedure appeared  
overwhelming and impossible but to  
our amazement circumstances de-  
veloped allowing us to carry out  
this strange assignment.

We were inspired to use a per-  
sonalized rendition of the Prayer  
which removed every trace of incli-  
nation to patter through the conven-  
tional phrases unthinkingly—and  
thus we began to intone together the  
following form and emphasis.

Our Father who art in Heaven—  
hallowed be Thy Name

Thy Kingdom—*come! Thy Will*  
be done *in me* as it is in Heaven  
Give me this day whatever I *need*  
And forgive my trespasses as I  
forgive the one who has tres-  
passed against me

*Lead me*—not into temptation but  
*deliver me* from evil

For Thine is the *Kingdom* and  
the *Power* and the *Glory* for-  
ever.

Amen.

This became another unifying ex-  
perience and it gradually dawned on  
us how meaningful are those famil-  
iar words, "the Kingdom of Heaven  
*is within you.*"

This discipline was not an easy one.  
We cannot say that we carried it out  
perfectly. We can say that we sin-  
cerely tried. After twelve days of



effort we ceased to count the days but carried through many weeks a prayer project which had become increasingly dear to us individually.

Often and often we discovered that while praying to be forgiven as we forgave that other one, we were uncovering some personal grievance of immediate concern which was not left to fall into the sub-conscious unnoticed, there to give rise to restless disturbances. Sometimes we found ourselves laughing gently together each knowing quite well just what we were praying about as we prayed this familiar petition aloud—letting the concern be wiped out in mutual forgiveness before it could add another hour to its history.

Naturally there were days apart when we kept silent tryst but we were loathe to part with this vitally precious experience and we clung to it gratefully. Finally came a day when we spontaneously prayed in unison as though by intent agreed

upon, "Thy Will be done in as it is in Heaven." Each *me* merged into *us* as we forgave each other without struggle.

How natural that we began to understand how to love our neighbor as ourself. No neighbor, however different in interests or background, however irritating in little habits or even deliberate acts, could ever constitute the challenge which we faced in each other. We, who actually love each other uniquely among humans.

Only when merged in the Oneness which Jesus prayed for us in the upper chamber can we find brotherly agreement in humble love for all.

"Father, I am—praying for those who will believe in Me that they may all be one—as You and I are One—that they may grow complete into one—that the Love which You have for Me may be in their hearts—and that I may be there also".

## Always

*Mildred Fielder*

This winter season we proposed to read  
Some books, perhaps to find escape from all  
The problems grown too big for us. Our need  
Was great, and our resources very small.

We found the Word of God, the words, "For, lo  
I am with you always." Having read,  
We run no more. Now when troubles grow  
We look to Him, and face the world instead.

"The arch enemy of peace is fear, which never created a single hope and never crowned a single success."

## Better Than Tranquilizing Pills

James Milton McKnight

HERE HAVE BEEN feature articles in *Life*, *Look*, *Readers Digest*, and other magazines on the good or the danger of the new so-called tranquilizing pills.

We are living at such a fast pace, develop so many tensions that we have to take something that will relax our nerve ends and give us peace so we can sleep at night and endure during the day without that instability that makes life so miserable.

One of the famous Mayo brothers addressed a medical congress in London, stating that more people died last year from heart failure than ever before in the history of the country and the explanation given was that we are living under a great strain. This distinguished surgeon said that the machinery of modern life was running away with us. He said that we must find a way to slow down.

"Of the thousands of persons who come to us with nervous breakdowns and mental disorders, only a few and then does a good religious member of a church appear," says Dr. John Rathbone Oliver, Professor of the History of Medicine at Johns Hopkins University, and an

eminent psychologist and psychiatrist. His explanation of this was that the church seemed to give something to its members that enabled them to fight their battles of life better than the non-church member.

H. C. Link, Director of the Psychological Service Center, New York City, is an eminent psychologist and psychiatrist. He says that during the past twenty years he has had hundreds and thousands of persons coming to him with their confused disordered lives. Although he was not a church member, he found himself recommending the church and religion to his patients and found that it helped them. Then he began to wonder why he did not go to church, since he had recommended to so many of his patients that they try religion. His book is the story of his return to religion and the church.

Dr. Howard Kelly of Johns Hopkins is another great surgeon who is recommending to his patients that they read the Bible and pray. Some really great physicians, in the treatment of neurasthenia or nervous disorders, are recommending God, Christ, religion.

The Anglo-Saxon word for wor-

ry is "wurgen" which is a picture of a wolf at the throat of a sheep. Worry does that. It strangles life. It pours sand into the delicate machinery of the mind; it causes our thoughts to grind against each other and to wear us out. Worry strangles our efficiency.

Dr. Howard Chandler Robbins says that tests have been made in experimental laboratories which show that a man can do more work and do it with less fatigue, he can run a faster race, work longer hours, lift a heavier weight, think, compute, and reason more rapidly and more accurately when he is free of care than when he is worried. You will find records made on the athletic field in practice, with none but the coach present, that have not been equalled at the public contest. When the athlete was alone, not worrying about the outcome, he did his best.

A Christian is supposed to be radiant and happy. It was said of the early Christians that they looked unto Jesus and were radiant. Worry comes and settles down like a fog over one's life. Nine persons out of ten say that they cannot help worrying. What is needed is a reeducation of the will. The body must be trained to obey the mind. Our thoughts are like galloping horses until trained. Prayer enables one to concentrate and develop his will.

The arch enemy of peace is fear. It distorts facts, makes you believe them, and then multiplies trouble. Fear never created a single hope, never cheered a single soul, and never crowned a single success. Doctors say that fear has poisoned more bodies than drugs and ruined more lives than drink.

Anxieties come from too narrow interests. A field cannot be planted with the same crop year after year without deterioration, neither can a mind. Anxieties come from selfishness, love of ease and luxury, and fear of poverty and pain. Anxieties come from solicitude for our loved ones.

The effect of fear is to create morbid apprehension, a looking for the worst. It causes one to surrender and retreat in self-pity. Despair is what the doctors would call chronic invalidism of the will; fear is a pernicious anemia of the heart; worry is locomotor ataxia of the soul; misery is no part of life but a fungus growth.

Perfect love casts out fear. It takes fifteen muscles of the face to frown and only seven to smile. Why work overtime? Jesus spent most of his time with the simple, poor, laboring man, upon whose brow the care of tomorrow was stamped. He told them of the love of God, of how he was like a good father only better, of how he came for the lilies of the field and t

ds of the air: He told them to trust  
 and know that he was watching  
 for them and caring for them. To  
 worry is not a mistake but a sin,  
 because it is unbelief in God. Wor-  
 sends its victims to hospitals, asy-  
 ns, and not a few to untimely  
 ves.

Do you have heart trouble?

Then, consult the world's greatest  
 heart specialist, Jesus, who said "Let  
 not your heart be troubled. Ye be-  
 lieve in God, believe also in me."  
 Remember the words of the old  
 gospel hymn, "His eye is on the  
 sparrow and I know he watches  
 me."

\* \* \* \* \*

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION RE-  
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4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security  
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C. O. Dunham  
 (Signature of business manager)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1957.

(SEAL)

C. R. Youngren  
 Notary Public, Ramsey County, Minn.  
 (My commission expires June 6, 1962)



## Check up on Your Prayers

Thelma M. Turner

**H**AVE YOU ever listed how many of your prayers God has answered in an affirmative way? Have you ever kept a diary or journal of your answered prayers? It will help to strengthen your faith in the power of prayer. It will inspire you as you see your diary notations stack up, day by day, with positive proofs that prayer does work, and that God does answer prayer.

Here are seven steps toward starting your diary for God.

*First step*—Look for specific, small plans, problems, and hopes to share with God. As you climb the spiritual ladder of prayer, eventually you will be able to use the broader and more abstract ideas in your prayer life. Start with small problems. I don't mean that we should use our prayers as a form of magic, or as a lucky charm to merely "get things." Nor do I mean to forget praise and thanksgiving in our prayers; but God and you can be co-partners in solving our small problems as well as our great.

If, for instance, you are a mother with small children, and you are often fatigued, irritable, and exhausted at the end of a day, did you ever think, in planning what you

are to accomplish for the day, bring God into your plans? Before you are up in the morning, start thanking God for all the gifts and blessings he has given you. This is to start you thinking—positively, not negatively.

*Second step*—Ask God to help you accomplish what you have planned, being careful not to plan over your physical capacity. Pray that He will give you the strength to get through your day of work without loss of patience and without exhaustion. Ask Him to guide your use of time, to be a better steward of time.

*Third step*—Clip some papers together with a staple or some brads, or use a ten cent composition book. Label it your *Diary for God*. In it, write a brief record of your prayer, then the date and hour of the prayer. In the next column, put the date and hour you noticed your prayer starting to be answered. Sometimes you will discover that God answers, "No" and you will find something else working out in its place. Record that, with explanations. At first, while you are new at this experiment, start with short term prayers, to be accomplished

day, and not more than one or a day. Live one day at a time.

*Fourth step*—Help it to happen; your part. If your prayer is—get through the day without so much fatigue and friction, start by eating a nourishing breakfast, high in protein. Plan your work patterns with the least amount of motions. "Flash prayers," as Frank Laubach describes them, will not get you over moments of tension and stress. Use them while you are washing dishes, making coffee, doing the routine tasks of housemaking. It is not necessary to close your eyes, or to be alone in a room. Try hard, yourself, to control your temper, to keep your patience. Anger stimulates glands to secrete a poison all through the body, adding to your fatigue and discomfort. Re-evaluate your priorities, wasting less. Do the hardest and the ones needed to be done first, while you are still fresh, leaving the less important and easier chores for later in the day when you are more tired.

*Fifth step*—Now put your problem in God's hands. Relax your tension. Then start looking for results. This is very important. Toward the end of the day, determine whether you are really less tired, whether you have come closer to accomplishing the tasks you outlined for yourself in the morning, or other days. Decide whether

you were able to do them with less tension, irritation, and hot temper.

*Sixth step*—This is one many of us forget. Take a second, even while you are busy, to thank God for answering your prayers, for listening to your prayers, for being there to call upon and to be interested in even your most commonplace problems.

*Seventh step*—This is the most important step of all. Witness of your experience to others. Not always will you be able to do this in detail. Some of your prayers will be too personal. If they are, you might just say to someone, perhaps a member of your family or a close friend, "I had a problem that was bothering me. I laid it on the lap of God and later, that very day, I felt my prayers being answered." In this way, you will constantly be increasing another's faith in prayer, too. This "witnessing" is our Christian obligation to our Christ, as told us in Acts 4.

Use this idea in helping solve your over-weight problem. Admit to yourself that you can't lick it alone. Ask God to give you the self-discipline needed to turn away from those high-calorie foods and from those second helpings. This is not far from the approach used by Alcoholics Anonymous. Why not try spiritual and physical fasting for one meal a week. Muriel Lester suggests this, emphasizing the self-

discipline it provides, the other-mindedness it makes one become. Use the time you'd use eating lunch, praying for those who don't have food to eat that noon. Use the money you'd spend on lunch towards a fund for starving people in other parts of the world. This is a very creative way of solving that problem.

You will find many problems that can be recorded in your notebook. It will be the best kind of diary any one could possibly keep. It will not be *Self-centered*, but *God-centered*. Get that notebook today. Feel the excitement of watching the pages fill. Find your belief in prayer strengthening. It will change your life—it has mine!

\* \* \* \*

## Straight Ahead

*Louise Darcy*

Oh, never brood on wasted hours,  
Or wrong decisions you have made,  
But trusting God, a lesson learned,  
Go straight ahead: you'll make the grade!

\* \* \* \*

## A Correction

In the Fall, 1957, issue of *Clear Horizons* there appeared a two-stanza poem entitled, "The Living Sermon," credited to E. J. Ritter, Jr. This was an error. The poem should have been credited to Edgar Guest.

"The well-adjusted spirit works potently for a better-adjusted body."

# ***The New Teamwork Between Medicine and Faith***

*Allan A. Hunter*

**A**T THE LUTHERAN Deaconess Hospital in Chicago before Christmas, twenty-year old Stanley Wisniewski collapsed while at work in the X-ray room. Upon examination it was found that his heart had stopped. Using a pen-knife, a surgeon opened up the chest cavity. For two and a half hours that surgeon and his colleagues fought for Wisniewski's life massaging the heart and applying drugs. At last they won and almost lifeless muscle back to normal rhythm.

The official record of this incident is in the February 2nd number of the Journal of the American Medical Association. What is particularly interesting to us who are concerned in the medical field is the comment, several weeks later in the April 13th issue of that same Journal, made by one of the editors. He states that the public report of Wisniewski's famous operation ignored what represents "a significant corollary to the surgical skill." A significant corollary as he calls it is the point that had not been mentioned in print before, was this: Throughout the two and a half hours everyone within sight of the patient (fellow technicians, nurses,

and doctors) was praying; some audibly." That relevant fact, declares the editor in a special article, *Near Life, Near Death, Near God*, has not been in print until now. He then quotes one of the participating surgeons, C. David Brown, "I also was going to add in the manuscript (covering the case) that there were fervent prayers during the procedure, but decided perhaps this was not appropriate in a medical journal. Actually," the surgeon continues, "we never were sure throughout that we were completely alone in this thing. We knew we were getting some guidance."

Dr. Brown, by the way, is a Congregationalist. The other two surgeons working with him are Lutherans. And the young man is a Roman Catholic to whom during the operation a priest administered extreme unction.

Here is an exciting case where, as Dr. Brown puts it, there was "a vast amount of unselfish cooperative effort" and it was directed, we might add, toward the fulfillment of a central command straight out of the heart of life, which Jesus again and again repeated: "Be thou whole."

It might not have happened a



few years ago when faith and medicine were more hesitant to work together. From now on, however, such team-work is likely to be thought of less as a miracle and more as a normal experience. For old inhibitions are breaking down. Among the half million physicians and ministers in this country—if the present trend continues—there will be increasing rapport, as the editor's article suggests, in place of the former intolerance. There will be interaction instead of the specialization that excludes outside help. The trend now is to consider as Jesus considered *the whole person* and not just some pin-pointed ailment of the patient on the operating table or in the physician's office. This means that ministers who outnumber doctors two to one will be feeling freer to apply their faith in hospitals, and doctors in turn will have less fear of losing status if they collaborate with those who take prayer seriously. This emancipation from mutual prejudice is one of the hopeful signs of our times. For example, in what is about the largest hospital in this country, the Bellevue in New York City, "every patient must be seen by a minister." Such procedure is "almost matter-of-fact routine."

"When a paralyzed patient," says Dr. Salvatore Cutolo of that hospital, asked how she could go on,

I told her not to lose faith in herself or God. If the doctor," continues Dr. Cutolo, "has no faith (in such a case) he can offer his patient nothing. . . . At times religion is medicine."

Dr. Claude Forkner, professor of chemical medicine at Cornell University Medical College, would agree. "Very often," he reports, "we do not know what it is that brings about the recovery of a patient. I am sure that often it is faith which is the important factor." That is not an entirely new insight, of course. Forerunners of the growing cooperation between medicine and faith, trailblazers like Sir William Osler, understood this years ago but more physicians are acting boldly on it now. Sir William Osler used to say: "Nothing in life is more wonderful than faith—the one great moving force which we can neither weigh in the balance nor test in the crucible."

Why has there been so much prejudice, so many inhibitions against acceptance of and openness to "one great moving force which we can neither weigh in the balance nor test in the crucible?"

The intolerance of some religious people who let their credulity crowd out faith may be partly responsible. Last summer, according to the article in the *Journal* already quoted, four hundred delegates from fourteen states to a Church

convention in Missouri drank from a polluted well. Some, like seventeen of them came down with typhoid. Three, the local health authorities suspected, because of the bacteria in that

Expressing a contempt for medicine that is dated, one of the dates, as if to justify the tragedy declared: "We feel no need of earthly physicians. We believe the Lord can heal through our hands."

But, Brother, what *is* the faith through which the Lord heals? Is it the arrogance that would spurn modern medicine and other available means of medicine? An associate member of this church who has just lately become a doctor, George E. Speaks, of these skills as cumulative gift of God."

The question is this: is it a manipulation of faith to say, "I insist on being healed in my particular, copyrighted way"? Isn't that a play of self-will as well as gullibility?

The price of both is high. In many cases the victims lose not only money but their lives. Trusting to what their egos dictate rather than what God wills, they cut themselves off from the medical treatment that would have saved them if accepted in time.

With ruthless self-honesty Jesus would have examined this attitude which is half credulity and

half cocksureness. On the Mount of Temptation, the evil spirit advised him to fly in the face of tested experience and leap from the high pinnacle of the temple. Didn't the Son of Man have special gifts and immunities? Wouldn't the heavenly Father save the Chosen One from dashing his foot against a stone?

To expect magical intervention like that, said Jesus in effect, would be to follow the devil. It would be sheer presumptuousness asking for disaster—"tempting God."

I personally suspect that Jesus would in sharp terms rebuke those of us today, **who, even in a crisis,** refuse medical help on the pretext that medical help is not of God and is therefore to be rejected. However that may be, the fact remains: the aggressive prejudice of some religious people, that prevents their cooperating with the accumulated findings of science, has made it unnecessarily hard for some scientific people to have the faith that is their right.

Another obstacle to team-work between medicine and faith is the exaggerated claim made by some representatives of religion. To get people to rely on "the one great moving force" we do not have to over-sell it, saying that faith will invariably heal everyone prayed for in precisely the way we want to see them healed.

A famous novelist while a child was told that if he had sufficient faith, his club foot would be healed. Before going to sleep one night he worked himself up into a sort of feverish state of mind putting all his confidence in the "faith" he had heard about. Upon awaking he looked at the foot. It seemed just the same. That meant, so argued the child, that God—if there was any such Being—didn't answer prayers; the whole business, then, was delusion. He is now in his sixties or seventies and supposed to be an atheist. Could it not be that one of the causes of the novelist's disbelief stems back to somebody's claiming too much for a particular form of faith healing?

Through Jesus, God healed innumerable sufferers, giving them a new outlook, a new heart. That same power which Jesus released, effects cures today. This wholeness of spirit may not always have as a by-product the specific healing of body that the patient desires. What matters most, said Jesus, is the realm, the sovereignty, of God; to obey Him is everything. Is that to say that such supreme loyalty automatically produces the results we desire? No, the results are incidental. Even so, in Jesus' case they were often amazing.

How effective, then, was Jesus in praying for others? Did he, without exception, "succeed"? He taught

us to say and mean "Thy will be done!" We can be sure that this was the central desire that he himself offered up to God in behalf of Judas. But that desire was denied at least temporarily. Judas' will being desperately needed to be receptive to the inflowing energy of God's will. He was—such is my guess—emotionally sick; his mind was so closed that a new idea bounced back. Jesus, no doubt, tried but it seems that while Judas was in the body, he did not quite get thru to this enigmatic friend. Jesus saw no immediate response on the part of Judas to the summons, "thou whole." The love of God for eternity to work in and that failing good will, we trust, has been since reached the deep will of Judas. But what evidence is there that spiritual healing took place, which must have meant everything to Jesus?

Our own faith is not above that of our Master. We are therefore not called upon to insist that when a person wholeheartedly and habitually prayed for does not seem to make physical progress—he or she even seem to be getting worse—that it is proof that those who pray did not care for God or believe in Him enough. Lack of faith is a great enemy. But this inner mechanism may not always be the reason why sometimes fail to get well.

There is mystery—deep,

tery—in the relation of faith and medicine, and no one need be under pressure to come up with all the answers. But we all do need to be clear on one point: there is no unity between the best techniques of the doctor's office or the surgeon's operating table, and the best sessions of ungullible, humble faith. Present day medicine aims at removing the blocks to the unsurpassable and amazing powers of power that God has put in our lives. Faith, authentic faith, aims at quickening the damaged or weakened will to live in the person suffering so that he may with no inhibitions of spirit respond to the command of God spoken through Jesus, "Be thou whole."

The surgeon who massages the patient's heart is participating in God's good will. The man kneeling and praying there is simply helping the Divine Encourager get through to the patient's deep will where faith is decisive.

What is faith? To me it is that attitude by which we *accept* our intimate connection, our vital relationship with God. If you want a theologian's definition, Emil Bruner's will do: faith is the affirmation of God. But the affirmation, we might say if so focussed, should be that "self" for the moment is for-

gotten: God alone, God the center of attention.

The peace with which Jesus would inoculate us against much, though not necessarily all, of our sickness is not the evasion of responsibilities but the acceptance of energy from beyond our straining wills, re-creating energy that would make us alive with the aliveness that he himself enjoyed.

If faith means surrendering our blueprints and letting greater wisdom than ours take care of the situation; if faith means being open to God's good will and letting the current of that quickening vitality flow through our deep will into the deep will of others, where the decision whether to live or die is so often being desperately fought out—then we are due for a revolution in our thinking about the relation of faith and medicine. If we follow through with that change in our thinking we will welcome and cooperate with the best that medicine can do. But the work of doctors and psychiatrists will not be a substitute for faith. Rather, it will be, when used, a means of expressing faith: faith in that Ultimate Self which is God and His power to work through that inner self which is each of us.



## GOD WITH US

*"In the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God to a city of Galilee named Nazareth, to a virgin betrothed to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary."—Lk. 1:26-27*

The Christmas story shows that God works and reveals Himself in normal human affairs. Too often we look for Him in something so otherworldly that if it happened we would be totally incapable of appreciating it. God created mankind in a certain way. He ordained man and woman to live in a certain way. Had He wanted it differently He would have created earth and those who live on earth differently. This is His plan. Therefore God works out His plan in normal human affairs.

The most thrilling thing about Christmas and all that Christmas means is that God worked out His perfect plan through human beings. These were human beings with all the weaknesses and all the strengths that we have. They had their doubts. They had their fears. They had their faiths. They had their discouragements. They had their loves. They had their hopes. They were human in every sense of the word. They were adults, and yet they were also childlike. They had to live in the same society as everyone else. They had to pay their taxes. They were ordered around by the government. They were the pawn of political decisions. They had to earn their living in the same sort of economic system as everyone else had to. These were the people, little people enmeshed in the give and take of life, who ushered God's greatest Gift into the world.

One of the greatest lessons of Christmas is that God is right in the midst of us, in human affairs, in men and women, in this imperfect economic and political system, in our doubts and hopes and faiths and fears.

As we celebrate Christmas let us thank the heavenly Father who brings such perfection out of such imperfection. No wonder His name shall be called "Emmanuel," which means, "God with us." This is the radiant, wonderful, Christmas story.

**READ: To Live Again, Catherine Marshall. \$3.95**

" . . . *the son of Enos, the son of Seth, the son of Adam, the son of God.*"—Luke 3:38

The reading of genealogies can be rather boring, and we are especially apt to skip over them in the Bible. But when Biblical genealogies are read with humble dependence on the Holy Spirit, new insights and spiritual riches are revealed.

Who are you? If you were asked that by someone on the street, you would say that your name is so and so. You might tell who your parents are. That would usually satisfy the questioner. But suppose he persisted and said, "Yes, yes, I know that, but *who* are you?" Perhaps you would become a bit irritated and wonder if there was something wrong with his hearing (if not his mind), and then you would likely repeat what you had previously said. Once more, suppose he said, "Yes, yes, I heard that before, but *who* are you?" You might possibly go into the matter of ancestry, just like the Bible does in some cases, and say that you are the son of, who is the son of, who is the son of, etc. But where would you stop? Eventually you must come to the beginning of time, and then you would say, " . . . who was the son of God."

We are never satisfied with human identities. We are never satisfied with being completely classified as earthlings. There is something within us that demands identities that are more than flesh and blood, for ourselves and for others too. We cannot help but dream and hope and demand perfection. Why? Because when we were created there was placed in us, besides the things of earth, the urge to perfection, the demand for fulfillment, the outposts of heaven. God made us in His image and likeness; something of His nature was planted in us.

Who am I? Who are you? It is well to remind ourselves that we are more than creatures of earth. The earth is not our home, and we can never be content with that which is exclusively earth. Bread and drink in some sort of earthly paradise could not satisfy us. As Jesus repeated, "Man shall not live by bread alone . . ."

I am the son of God. I claim my relationship now. I claim my inheritance now. When I pray I bow my knee and I say, "Our FATHER . . ."

**READ: I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes,** Glenn Clark. \$2.00

*"Not everyone who says to me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven. . . ."*—Matthew 7:21

The man said that he was a Christian but his words did not fit his actions. He said he had been reared in the church, that he believed in Jesus as the son of God, that he believed in the Christian way of life, but his words had no content. His way of living gave the lie to his lips.

"I hate my father for what he did to me and my mother," he said. "We never had a chance. Our home was broken at an early age. He beat us. He was a no good. I hate him. I hate everybody. I've been in trouble since I was a kid. I've been behind prison bars as much as I have been outside them. Life has never treated me right. I have a hate for everybody."

This story is not as exceptional as it ought to be, but in saying this I am not talking about the conditions of his life. I am talking about someone saying he believes in Jesus and then living in a way that would be entirely foreign to Jesus and his message.

Jesus said to love your enemies. This man was hating his enemies (and in his mind most people were his enemies). In saying he was one who belonged to Jesus, he was taking the name of Jesus in vain. Jesus would say to him, "I am sorry for you, but do not claim me. Do not say 'Lord, Lord'. I do not know you."

Jesus said to pray for those who persecute you. This man wanted to beat and injure every policeman and others whom he classed in the same category. He cursed them. He wanted to vent his vengeance on his enemies. Jesus would tell him that he did not know him.

Jesus said to do good to those who treat you badly. This man did everything possible to hurt those who despitely used him. He wanted nothing that was good to visit them. Jesus would have told him that they were strangers.

Jesus said that in losing one's life he would find it. This man was self-centered. All he could think of was himself. The universe revolved around him. Jesus would not know him.

Jesus does not know us unless we match our actions with our words and forgive our enemies, pray for those who persecute us, do good to those who treat us badly, and lose ourselves in Him. Then He will say to us, "Come, ye blessed of my father. . . ."

READ: **The Changed Life**, Henry Drummond. \$1.00

# Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

**WALK THE GLORY ROAD**, Redd Harper. Revell, \$2.50. 157 pages. This is a personal story and Christian witness of a man who has spent his life in the entertainment world. He played the part of "Mr. Texas" in the Billy Graham film, *City on a Hill*, U. S. A." The story is almost a blow-by-blow account of how life became increasingly intolerable for him, how he rebelled against God, ran away from the Holy Spirit, and finally gave himself into the keeping and care of Jesus Christ. But there is one thing that makes this story worth reading. It is the witness to Christian friends who prayed for Redd Harper, and kept praying for him, and kept praying for him when he rebelled the most, and it was their prayer that finally won the fight. These friends were members of the Hollywood Christian Group and especially active in it were Dale and Roy Rogers. Tim and Irma Spencer, and others. This story will increase the faith of Christians who are discouraged about the working power of the Holy Spirit. It is a good gift for those who feel they are either too tough or too sophisticated to become Christians.

**TO LIVE AGAIN**, Catherine Marshall. McGraw-Hill, \$3.95. 335 pages. Catherine Marshall has done it again; that is, written an absorbing book that cannot fail to become immensely popular. This book concerns with Peter Marshall being taken to the hospital, and then the early morning telephone call announcing his unexpected death. There is the uncomprehending initial shock, comforting a little boy who has just lost his father, precious moments alone in the hospital room knowing so well that Peter was not there and yet feeling a presence that gave her comfort, and later there are the stark realities that come with living to make a new life for oneself. And stark realities they were too, for she soon found that the most she could expect was \$170.00 a month from savings and pensions. She worked her way out of her troubles with God's help; there is little

she fails to tell of these years. There has been hard, sometimes confused and doubtful, work to do, the writing of *Mr. Jones Meets The Master*, *A Man Called Peter*, the movie that was made of Peter Marshall's life, and the innumerable speaking engagements. All these are the framework for what went on inside of Catherine Marshall herself, and this is the real story. The real story is about one who was completely sheltered, who never held a job, who was married just out of college, who rose along with her husband to a position of prestige in Washington, and then found herself widowed at an early age. There is shock, petulance, rebellion, searching, work, and finally a finding of a place for herself that gives her the meaning and the contentment she has been searching for. She is a good writer, at times brutally candid about herself, so frank in a few places that it approaches psychoanalysis, but it is this childlike openness that gives the book both charm and strength. Now that young Peter is in school, and her parents are settled on the farm near Washington, one can but breathe a prayer for a future of fulfillment for the one who really made Peter Marshall known throughout the world with her books.

**ALL OF THE PLANTS OF THE BIBLE**, Winifred Walker. Harper, \$4.95. 244 pages. I must say that at first glance this may not seem like a book that belongs in this column, but I have had such enjoyment out of it that I recommend it to everyone who is interested in the Bible. The author takes 114 plants and flowers of the Bible, gives the verse where it is most prominently named, tells something of its history and use and description, and then facing this information there is a life-size painting of the plant or flower. I was surprised to find that the locust that John the Baptist ate was not a "bug" but rather a fruit of the carob tree, that the "lilies of the field" of which Jesus spoke were anemones or wind flowers; that the gall that



was added to the vinegar given to Jesus on the Cross was the juice of the opium poppy; and so much more that I have thoroughly enjoyed the book. I shall keep it handy for reference. It is the only book of its kind. I cannot imagine any plant or flower lover being without it. By all means get it.

**THEY KNEW JESUS**, George W. Cornell. Morrow, \$3.75. 288 pages. The author is the religious editor of the Associated Press. He takes twenty-four men and women, some friends, and some foes, who knew Jesus and he tells their story. This is Jesus through the eyes of those who knew Him. The author does a remarkably good job of infusing a few historical sentences (in many cases) with the living pulse of flesh and blood, with the hates and loves and doubts of varying loyalties, and with the atmosphere of other kingdoms and societies.

**DAVID LIVINGSTONE, HIS LIFE AND LETTERS**, George Seaver. Harper, \$6.95. 650 pages. The sheer size of this volume does not permit much of a review in this column, but the book is too important to ignore. For anyone who is interested in adventure, in human character, in a pioneer in modern missionary work, in a spiritual giant who refuses to be limited to one area of work or fame, in a

life of mountainous proportions, this is. Certainly at the very least it ought to be in every church library. In this day of age of condensations and vignettes, it would do us all good to take the time to live another man's life again in a complete biography of this sort. The author had access to the new and rich depositions of Livingstone manuscripts in Africa, as well as to material in the private possession of the Livingstone family. The writing is absorbing and it is hard to put the book down. A lot of people are going to have a lot of enjoyment by reading this book, and when they finish they are going to be more determined for the good and dedicated way of life. This is not just a biography. It is THE biography of a magnificent Christian.

**CHRISTIAN MATURITY**, E. Stanley Jones. Abingdon, \$1.50. 384 pages. Devotions for fifty-two weeks of the year, similar in style and layout to the other books by Stanley Jones. One wonders how he can go on being so good, but go on he does. In these devotions he makes you think, and in the process brings one to conclusions and decisions. Each meditation ends with a prayer, and then there is affirmation for the day. When the book says it is by E. Stanley Jones, it goes without saying, and yet needs to be said over and over again, "It is good."



Saloonkeepers kept it from the streets but they couldn't win back the men who had climbed aboard—

## The "Gospel Wagon" of the Gay Nineties

*Duane Valentry*

ITS early days the Union Rescue Mission in Los Angeles planned many ways to reach the Row men beset by alcoholic and other problems. It was obvious the men sorely needed what the Mission had to give but how to get them in? Mostly they would go by, headed for the nearest saloon.

Then someone had a plan. Why not take the Mission to the men? In the Gay Nineties, the "Gospel Wagon" was born.

The Gospel Wagon was one of the Mission's colorful and effective surprises in those early years. It has been in operation even before the turn of the century, shortly after the Mission was born in 1891. Drawn by two white horses, on alternate days by handsome black teams, the wagon carried converts, musicians, and singers with hymn books open. It stopped on the worst corners of the worst streets for floor testimony meetings.

Crowds gathered wherever the Gospel Wagon stood. Boys and girls, men and women, drunks who could hardly stand—all listened to "Music of the Lord" as it poured forth through the streets.

From the Wagon the converts heard what God had done for them.

As they talked, listeners could not help but see the huge saloon signs everywhere—signs like "People's Beer Hall," "Maier Brewing Company," "Select Beer on Draught," "Whiskey at reduced Rates."

Standing before these signs the reformed men preached the gospel. They stood on their feet and told of broken lives, now mended. Superintendent Leary, who ran a branch Mission at the time and who himself was a gospel wagon convert, operated a second wagon which often could be seen on a nearby street. On both wagons, members of the Board of Directors, all prominent businessmen then as they are today, knelt unashamed in the streets with the men who sought help.

Year after year, the wagon did its work, and many of the men sitting in the saloons would hear the singing as the wagon went by and, bleary-eyed, would leave their stools and follow it on rubbery legs, only to become converted. Not many days later their cronies would look on amazed as they saw their friends on the wagon, witnessing for Jesus and telling how He had taken their thirst for alcoholic beverages away from them and given them new hope.

It is said this is how the ex-

pression "on the wagon" come into use. They'd say, those bleary-eyed men, "Hey, look fellows—Canada Jack is 'on the wagon!'" This was said so often that the saloon keepers were losing too many good customers and they became indignant. They were infuriated each time they saw their favorite spending drunkards fall on their knees on the sidewalks in front of the saloons to implore divine forgiveness.

Worried about their dwindling cash receipts, they appealed to the City Council and complained that men who refused to go to church were being won on the streets. They created such a hubbub, and had such a degree of political influence, that finally in 1907 the Council began passing laws designed to hamper the work of the Gospel Wagon.

Another influence, too, was working against the wagon that did so much good. The age of the automobile was coming into its own and these new-fangled machines were becoming so numerous on the city's streets that they finally, along about 1911, forced the Gospel Wagon off the streets for good.

But there were men who did not forget. Men like C. F. Estes. Raised by a Christian mother, married to a devoutly religious woman, Estes couldn't fight the liquor habit. Despite promises, pledges, and the "cure," he at last gave in to it

completely.

"I was almost down and on his testimony reads, "and broke my wife's heart and wrecking life by going home night after night filled with booze. But Sunday afternoon in 1910 I was going down on the old corner First and Los Angeles Streets now the sweetest spot on earth to me, for it was there I was saved. As I staggered across the street some men were singing on the Gospel Wagon, 'Tell Mother I'll be There.' Those were the last words I had spoken to my mother when I said goodbye to her at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia.

"I was so drunk that when I tried to go to the Wagon I fell by a lamp post. A man stepped off the Wagon and came to my side, lifted me. When the call came for the Wagon for those who wanted prayer to raise their hands, I raised mine. Then I managed to get to my knees and asked God to forgive me of my sins. To my surprise, the Lord made me sober, and I jumped to my feet and at the top of my voice I cried, 'I've got it!' I went with the Wagon to the Mission and later went home and told my wife what Jesus had done for me!"

Estes maintained faithful associations with the Mission ever across the years and, upon retirement from his work with the So-

Pacific as a bridge engineer, himself unstintingly to the on's evangelistic program undisturbed. He died in the Fall of

hundreds of the converts, especially those who testified from the Gospel Wagon, usually spread widely through the bars and saloons. The resulting curiosity brought more and more men under the influence of the gospel.

Howard F. Trayer was one who had one day to listen to "those fellows on the gospel wagon." Instead, instead of going on with his visits to visit friends, he went to the mission. After several meetings he finally surrendered to Christ, and asked for help.

"Before I went front to the altar I was so tired I couldn't sit still," he confessed, "but since that night I have had rest, joy, peace, and contentment, something I never had before. My feet are on higher ground today. My worst habit was drinking, but He has taken it out of me."

Another man who listened beside the Gospel Wagon was John Lalonde, a pharmacist. Overpowered by the craving for alcohol, he drank himself into delirium tremens five times. Once, during such a siege, he attempted suicide by morphine. On another occasion he leaped from a second-story Chicago window to escape imaginary foes.

Lalonde moved to North Dakota, where he opened a drug business. But he almost committed a murder while in delirium. The passion for liquor finally cost him his business. Leaving his wife and child, he roamed the United States and Canada, still chasing a will-o'-the-wisp. During two years in Los Angeles he was arrested twenty-seven times for drunkenness.

Then John stumbled along First St. where it met Los Angeles St. On that particular corner were four saloons. But the Gospel Wagon was also there. He stopped to listen to the hymns and to the personal worker who spoke to him about Christ. Lalonde replied that it was a useless effort. Without faith—since he had tried everything to no avail—Lalonde finally consented to prayer in his behalf. Once on his knees on the cobblestones beside the wagon, he cried out, "God be merciful to me, a sinner, and save me for Jesus' sake."

"From that day to this," he later told the Mission congregations, "I have been a sober man. The very desire and craving for liquor has been taken away. The power of God can come into a man's life and transform him from a good-for-nothing drunkard and hobo into a sober, industrious and God-fearing man."

His story repeats itself again and again in other lives.



Stephen A. Wetmore's story had the same surge of redemptive thrill. Wetmore—jokes about his name were always expected—regarded Sept. 1, 1906, as the termination of "the most abjectly wretched years of my life, years which now seemed like a nightmare." Wetmore had come to California with high hopes, especially with the determination never again to touch alcohol. The first glass of "pure California wine," however, threw him headlong down the same old road.

One day in a saloon he sat with a friend. "Do you know what has become of Canada Jack?" asked the drinking acquaintance. "No," said Wetmore, "not in jail, I hope?"

"Well no," the friend explained, "He's on the Gospel Wagon!"

"I was shocked," Wetmore later testified, "and resolved to see for myself if this unimaginable thing were true. After attending meetings of the Union Rescue Mission a few evenings, one night I was there when John Lalonde gave his testimony. I had always known that the Gospel of Christ was right, but I warded it off. I was arguing within myself when at a critical moment two mission evangelists came, unexpected and uninvited, to my assistance. I thought at the moment they were rather precipitous, but they long since have had my full

forgiveness, for from that hour this I have been completely relieved from the desire to drink. A friend calls it a miracle, and make no complaint about that. Finding the Saviour of man I suddenly found myself as the Creator of men intended me to be, not an outcast, but a man."

Nor was this all. The old Gospel Wagon still roamed the streets still poured forth its music and prayers, and there were countless others. The eighteen-year-old drunkard who found Christ and became the trusted employee of a big corporation; the gambler, the habitué smoker and alcoholic who ended his roaming life of uselessness at the Mission altar and began a life of usefulness to himself, his family, and to society.

The Gospel Wagon had a message for sinners as it moved through the dusty city streets. It declared a message to the saved as well. Whenever it rolled headquarters to 145 North Main Street the converts on board joined in singing "We'll Never Say Goodbye to Heaven."

At the Mission there was Maude Benton, the house mother who welcomed the men as though they were sons. To many she was the true "mother," and the Mission the nearest thing to a home they had known in many years.

Then time and the saloonkeeper

the day and the Gospel Wagon was seen no more. Men still drank in the saloons and the cash registers rang merrily. Some came to the Mission but no longer could come to them, and it was forgotten by many.

Years passed, and the Union Rescue Mission appointed one Carl Blumay, disc jockey of sacred music in Los Angeles, as chairman of public relations activities. Trying to find an idea for the sixty-third anniversary celebration that was soon at hand, Blumay dug into some ancient boxes and came upon a photograph of the original Gospel Wagon.

Thrilled with the story of what this evangelistic vehicle had done as it rolled in the city streets, Blumay went to work trying to get a replica of the original wagon. This was not easy—such wagons are hard to find today. He finally convinced his friend, Bob Hunter, an actor and lay leader of Hollywood Presbyterian Church. Hunter was once President in charge of personnel for Paramount Pictures, and put his best studio prop men in charge of locating a Gospel Wagon. A stable which furnishes wagon equipment for movies, such a wagon was finally found. But it had not been used for years and looked less.

However, the Mission men began the job of sanding it down, paint-

ing and oiling it. On the anniversary date it looked as it had in the long ago.

Pulled by fine-looking white horses and with signs tacked on its sides telling its mission, with a mustached Gay Nineties quartet in appropriate costume and a driver in a stove-pipe hat and old-time tails, it roamed the streets again just like the wagon of old.

There were people on the sidewalks who rubbed their eyes, and thought they were seeing a ghost, as the Wagon rolled out of the past. Each year since 1954 the same sight meets their eyes and it never fails to attract crowds.

Few kneel today as they used to do in the streets. But the thoughts aroused by the sweet old hymns cannot be too different than they were decades ago. On hand each time are the few people left who once worked on the original wagon—Mother Maude Benton, now frail and very old—and a few others. Two or three men still ride who were saved on the first wagon.

Every year henceforth the Gospel Wagon will serve as the anniversary theme and help bring needy men and women to the Union Rescue Mission. It is a moving monument to the scores and scores of Skid Row men who found new hope and new lives in Christ when they decided to "go on the wagon."

¶ "Let every man strike out for himself and hold the road."

## "She Ain't Never Late"

*Louella Sheppard*

**D**URING a lecture I heard Dr. Archibald Rutledge say that, while taking an early morning stroll, a little mountain boy greeted him thus: "The sunrise, she ain't never late. God manages that."

Wisdom. Confidence. Faith.

Who among us can match it? Regardless of whether the morning was cloudy or fair, the little boy knew that the sunrise was there, obedient to God's will.

The past winter I feared for my sight because congestion in the optic nerve causes severe pain in my right eye. Today when I walked through my strawberry patch I found that the field mice had burrowed under almost every row and had eaten the tender roots, just when the green berries were starting to color. The plants, holding ten to twelve berries, wilted and died.

Always I depend on my little berry crop to pay my taxes on my four-room cabin and half acre of

land. It was hard to hold back tears.

But then the words of a young woman who is stone deaf came to me: "Let every man strike out for himself and hold the road."

Could I hold the road by myself? Shame on the thought.

Instead I started counting my blessings. On my lawn the laurel is bursting into bloom; the yellow pansies are golden nuggets and my mimosa and dogwood blossoms are proof of God's everlasting love.

On a distant hill a ball game is in progress. America's young men are healthy, happy, free. God bless them that way! I have a well of ice-cold water that I draw up with a heavy rope windlass. Weekly two grandchildren come out to visit, town five miles away and more than a mile from my lawn.

And, always, there is a sunrise. "She ain't never late."

How rich I am!

\* \* \* \*

## The Greatest Shout Ever Heard

The greatest message ever received on earth is not the song of angels announcing the advent of Christ's birth, but the shout of triumph which came from those early disciples who looked into the empty grave on Easter morning.

ny man is helpless before another man's love."

## The Magic of Real Love

*Starr Daily*

*This is from the book GOD'S ANSWER TO JUVENILE DELINQUENCY, by Starr, reprinted by permission of the publishers, Macalester Park Publishing Co. It may be ordered through this magazine. (\$3.00)*

LACK of real love motivates and fosters juvenile delinquency. Hence to correct juvenile delinquent you merely to supply that which has been lacking. Kark Menninger, the noted psychiatrist, published a penetrating book he called *Love against Hate*. The initial chapter head in the book is "The Medicine of Love." It is an apt and sweeping title, for real love is the best therapy for the world for all kinds of personal sickness.

What is real love? Well, it is a conclusive definition. It is to contain four basic ingredients. The will to see good in the outwardly depraved individual; the capacity to think good about the human being; the ability to do what is willed and thought; an eager, warm desire to act on what one wills, thinks, and

Real love cannot suffer from defeat. It does not complain or blame others. It does not justify a negative view about the world. It sees its own reality in the world. It obligates no man, it does nothing, commands nothing, it can receive nothing because

it has everything. It cannot give according to calculation and premeditation. Love is automatically self-giving, taking no thought of any possible rewards or returns for services rendered. Love has no loss and entertains no regrets. Real love is the soul's food and drink and habitation. God is real love, and only God can love in a real way. A man can love genuinely in the degree that he dwells in God, and God dwells in him. In the absence of real love religion is without God—a form, a shell, an empty husk. The soul of an individual is in a lost state, a death condition. In real love the soul is recovered; it is found again and is alive again. And this resurrection is accomplished in the real love we have for others. "Love ye one another as I have loved you." Apart from real love there is no salvation of the soul, for real love is the soul's emancipation, is the soul's redemption, and is the soul's saviour. Real love is God expressing himself in the love of one person for another. There is no discipleship when real love is not present. "By this shall all men know that ye are



my disciples; if ye have love one for another."

All this is but a brief, inadequate description of what is meant by real love; for such love is infinite, ever revealing new meanings, powers, and splendours. By real love we are born again. We then do the works of real love and bear its fruits. We no longer argue about forms of Godliness, debate religious doctrines, or defend ourselves and our way of life. Love needs no defense, academic discussion, proof. By its fruits we know it. Under every provocation it remains kind, creative, redemptive, victorious, and absolutely fearless.

Through prayer, natural goodwill, discipline, trust, and desire we make ourselves ready to receive real love. Hence our first obligation is with ourselves. For we must first develop the capacity to receive real love before we attempt to bestow it.

Real love is anything but magic; but being the genuine commodity, it can out-magic the magical. This type of love will prevent delinquency in children, and it will also cure delinquency.

A tired and dirty kid, hitchhiking his way, went into a truckline cafe, behind which was a horseshoe-curve of tourist cabins. He asked for work, food, and shelter for the night. The motherly woman who operated the place gave him all three. After working about the

place for a month the woman took him into her living room and said

"Son, you're in trouble. I read it in your looks and in the furtive way you act. Now tell me all about it." He had stolen a car. He had been chased by the police, and he had narrowly escaped with his life.

"Come what may," said the motherly woman, "you and I are going back and face this thing together. See it through. You're a good boy and I know it."

The Court was willing to give him probation from the Bench; but the owner of the car insisted on punishment. The lad pleaded guilty and was sent to prison. He served a year and was paroled to the woman who loved him. He worked for her two years, became her partner and manager, greatly improved the business, and married the woman's granddaughter to become a father of three children. The magic of real love! Real love became his savior. The redemption of a life that might have been forever lost in the sands of crime.

In a certain prison a young inmate had made a frightfully bad record during the eighteen months he had been incarcerated. He was always breaking the prison laws, being punished in solitary confinement. The officials hardly knew what to do with him.

One day the secretarial in the chaplain's office was le-

the inmate having been released on parole. The Deputy Warden asked the chaplain if he had one in mind for the highly delinquent and trusted position. The chaplain named the lad with a bad record, who was then being punished in solitary. The Deputy Warden snorted his disapproval.

"That brat's a rebel," he said. "I wouldn't trust him as far as I could throw a bull by the tail." "Buddy Collins was a rebel too," the chaplain reminded the Deputy. "But he made a mighty fine secret agent, as you'll admit. He made good of me, and he'll make good out of you."

"Okay," said the Deputy Warden seriously. "I'll turn the kid out, get him cleaned up, give him a new uniform, and send him over."

The hard-boiled, incorrigible inmate went to work under the influence of a love-filled chaplain. He broke no more prison rules. By and by he too got his chance for parole, went out, and joined the ranks of those who put a period to their criminal careers. Once again the magic of a man's real love revealed itself as good medicine.

Love lives in the adjoining apartment to hate. Hate is the stuff of which the devil is made, operating in reverse. Two wrongs always succeed, love and respect. In between is inertia, respectability, a kind of death called self-deception. The inability to believe

the best creates hatred. To believe the best is to love—"for love believeth all things, and holds fast to that which is good."

To hate a person is to rebel against God who, because of love and out of love, made the person, and loves the person. All humanity is betrayed by the treason inherent in the hatred of a single person. To hate an enemy is to be entangled in his fate and to become his victim. Great friends are those who were great enemies—conquered by love. To love all enemies is to do away with them.

Any man is helpless before another man's love. Love him who spitefully uses you and you will make him a captive of God. Said a great philosopher, "Choose your enemies even more carefully than you choose your friends. Accept as your enemy only one you would accept as a friend. Fight only him you can love."

To the man who can transmit real love the appearance of an enemy comes as a gift of God. As the same philosopher has put it, "It is when God comes in the form of an enemy that He brings with Him His supreme favors."

Yes, indeed, love is like magic by being more than magic. In magic we make believe: in real love we believe and make what we believe come true. Magic is the pretense of reality. Love is Reality.

Again to quote Dr. Karl Menninger; *LOVE AGAINST HATE* (Harcourt, Brace and Company): "This medicine, love, which cures all sorrow was prescribed by Jesus long before Donne and by Gautama Buddha long before Jesus."

It is an old remedy easy to take and give. Yet when the chance comes to apply the prescription doubt creeps in to rationalize away the

only medicine that will work like magic. We fall back into the old rut of substitution—and the treadmill of failure moves on the inevitable way from failure to failure, from defeat to defeat.

But real love is patient and waits. If we suffer enough, perhaps we may then take and give the remedy "that never faileth."

\* \* \* \*

## Awakening

*Florence Eakman*

Serenely in an early morning hour  
I wait the Source of everlasting power  
Until His strength enfolds me, while its flow  
Makes me replete, and then, at last, I know  
My Counselor, Physician, Sage, and Friend  
Who will abide until this day shall end.

And when, in peace, I lay me down at night  
I'll hold within me His immortal light.

A sick self eventually becomes a sick body."

## *Spiritual Realities from the Deep Woods*

*Halette McPhail-McClellan*

I DON'T KNOW just why I am unloading my assortment of problems on a perfect stranger," she wrote, "but my nerves have reached the breaking point. Something you said in an earlier letter led me to feel that God might use your pen to supply the missing answer. It was something about GUIDANCE."

Files stretched between this unknown woman and my typewriter, a woman holding in her hand the number one problem of today: emotional ills. The morning paper had put it this way;

Every other hospital bed in the United States is occupied by a person placed there, not because of an illness or accident, but because of emotional upset."

What could I write against such a situation? How could I explain that a sick self eventually becomes a sick body? I went into the deep, deep woods that stands just back of my imagination . . . to think.

Here giant pines supported a vaulted roof of blue sky; wind played organ music on needled branches; wild honeysuckle yielded its incense. Enchanted by this cathedral-like atmosphere, I fell upon my knees before a huge boulder, God's altar.

"Lord God," I prayed aloud, "Help me to find the right answer for this woman facing a nervous breakdown. . . . we know it is a breakdown in Faith. I come to Thy quiet forest to find words that might help thousands of nervous people to keep harmony between fears within and strife without; how to think victoriously, how to practice a wholesome therapy with material at hand; and ultimately, how to let go and let God. All this I would explain and more—if only I knew how."

Two robins fashioning a nest out of twigs and moss overheard me and answered; "Tell her to try creative living."

A chipmunk bringing acorns to a crippled mate heard too and answered; "Relieve the suffering of others and she'll soon forget self."

A purple violet pushing up from the decay of a fallen oak tree answered; "Use the dark past for second growth; don't wallow in it. Reach up for the sun as I do."

A shower of leaves touched me lightly on the shoulder and answered; ; "The least of us that fall are never far from the hand of God. He is everywhere, evenly present."

Suddenly, the sound of running water called me far beyond the

deep wood. There I came upon the little stream that I had long loved, flowing around irregular bends of its course, over rocks, over brush and reeds, now struggling over a rough log carelessly laid as a bridge for crossing.

"Little stream," I cried, "What is your secret?"

The answer came; "Have courage to meet those things you must; wisdom to go around those things you cannot change; the grace to know the difference."

These are the words I wrote that unknown woman across miles!

\* \* \* \*

## If You Are Seeking

*Eve Tyson*

If you are seeking love, then give  
To someone of your store,  
And it will be returned to you  
Much greater than before.

If you are seeking beauty, then  
Let everything you do  
Reflect in perfect harmony  
Its beauty back to you.

If you are seeking happiness  
Then scatter smiles around  
And you will find your happiness  
Before the sun goes down.

\* \* \* \*

## A Prayer

*Author Unknown*

Give me clean hands, gallant words, and high thoughts.  
Help me to stand up for the hard right against the easy wrong.  
Keep me ready to help others at a cost to myself. May I  
cherish the blows as well as the caresses life bestows. Amen.



was God—and Mama's egg money."

# Mama Was a Doing Christian

Hope Morris Noel

A WORLD where talk is plentiful, Mama saved her words and let her actions speak for them. For Mama was a *doing* Christian!

When Papa took his shy, gentle trip into the mountains of West Virginia, where he went to preach after the turn of the century, probably never guessed at Mama's hidden resources.

As to their first parsonage there was an abandoned school building. It was being used to house forty immigrant Italian workmen who had been imported to build the road. This was before the days of the great influx of foreign born men to the coal fields. The mountain miners were suspicious and downhearted, hostile to these olive-skinned men with their heavy black hair, dark features, and unknown tongue. Mama immediately took the homesick men to her heart. Cakes, pies, and hearty stews were served over almost daily, and often jars of spaghetti, hot with pepper and garlic, were sent in return. She never had much taste for foreign foods. But she bravely ate just the same, all the while smiling and nodding toward the miners, who would be anxiously waiting to see how *Signora* liked them. When they were sick, the men

were tended as carefully as one of Mama's own children. Clothes were mended. Buttons sewed on. Although she and "her boys" never learned to speak a single word of each other's language, there was a communication of spirit that needed no language for understanding.

After the local citizenry saw that Mama wasn't in the least afraid of the newcomers and, in fact, seemed to be genuinely fond of them, the tension gradually eased. Mama wouldn't have put it into any such words, but she was indeed a goodwill ambassador at a time when it was sorely needed.

Mama didn't wait for a catastrophe to do her good deeds. She was always the first contributor to any worthy cause, and if no cause was forthcoming, Mama got busy and found one! Boxes of clothing by the dozen were gathered for the struggling church orphanage over the mountain, for the missionaries in the Belgian Congo, for victims of the great influenza epidemic of 1918.

This love of helping the unfortunate went on for as long as she lived. One of her last deeds was to scour the neighborhood and write all her children for clothing to be sent to Korean war orphans.

Much as she believed in helping

with organized drives, one of Mama's favorite expressions was "Charity begins at home." And she lived it.

On Papa's visits to his poor parishioners he had ample opportunity to view some of life's seamier side. Mother always looked on these unfortunates as her own personal responsibility. Papa would immediately be sent back with fresh churned butter, homemade bread, and a jar of quince or plum jelly.

Mama would accompany him and look over the situation herself. She had a way of looking past the externals and seeing the real need in people's hearts. Comfort and sympathy were always offered, but she didn't stop there. Her mind would already be busily at work trying to find a way out of whatever dilemma "her people" were in. A doctor would be dispatched with haste if there was sickness, while warm clothing, clean bed linens, and food would somehow be squeezed out of Mama's slim budget.

Into "the boxes" Mama invariably tucked a hand-embroidered scarf or towel. For, as Mama maintained, "A woman needs something new and pretty now and then to bolster her spirit." And a few ears of Papa's prize popcorn were always included. "No one," Mama would say "can feel *too* bad when they hear those jolly kernels popping!"

How Mama managed to do so

much was somewhat of a mystery to me as a child. But I know answer now. It was God—Mama's egg money! From the hens she lovingly moved from place to place, not only did Mama help her own family, but the money from the eggs Mama managed to sell was hers to do as she liked. That was her "missionary fund." This money was almost as stretchable as the loaves and fishes!

Knowing of a poor widow who was attempting to keep her family of nine children together by taking in washing and doing it by hand, Mama immediately determined a woman should have an electric washing machine. This was in the early depression days when a machine could be purchased from a mail order house for twenty dollars. But it took an awful lot of eggs in those days to make an amount. *Mama did it.* No one ever knew of the gift except the widow's family and ours. *Mama* didn't broadcast, she just did.

All of Mama's helping was confined to the genuinely needy. She realized the average person could use an occasional helping hand, and she was always ready to bring a little pleasure to someone every opportunity. A plate of pie, cookies fresh from the oven, a basket of hot rolls and butter, a basket of fried chicken—all of these and many more were sent to friends

neighbors through the years. With six children, there were play costumes to be made for church and school programs, which were so plentiful in the days before movies and television. Mama gladly sewed for the other children whose mothers couldn't or wouldn't sew. She was never too busy to help a neighbor with her sewing or canning, or to give generously of her time and her self whenever needed. At home, Mama maintained a policy of perpetual "open house." Everybody and everybody was welcome at any hour. And there were always times when an extra plate wasn't at the table. It must have been very hard on Mama—never tiring and with few modern conveniences—but she never complained. She was always gracious, always hospitable. Besides these unexpected callers, she did much entertaining both for church members and other friends, as well as for the young people of her children. Everybody was to come to Mama's house.

Besides her special gift of making people feel at home and genuinely welcome, she had a delicious sense of humor. It was fun just being around her.

Of all Mama's loves, none equaled her love of children. Seeing a small child ill-clothed on a winter's day, she would immediately inquire his name and where he lived. Regardless of the parental behavior, Mama always stoutly maintained, "No child should have to pay for its parents' shortcomings." Soon the child would be wearing a brand new cap and gloves, product of Mama's deft knitting needles. The children's closets would be scouted for outgrown clothing. Mama would never rest until every needy child she knew or heard about was taken care of.

Mama is now sleeping the peace of eternal rest. But somehow I feel that in her Heavenly home, she must surely still be doing for others. For Mama believed in living her religion—she was *in deed* a doing Christian!

\* \* \* \* \*

O God, help us find the spark of soul  
 Thou hast dropped in every human being.  
 Help us live each day by faith—  
 Faith in our fellow men  
     and in our highest aspirations;  
 Faith that brings us fellowship with Thee  
 And gives us eyes to see  
 God in everything.

Amen.

## *Olympic Champion Through Faith*

*H. N. Ferguson*

THE YOUNG MAN lying on the bed in a Moscow hotel room was restless. On the streets below he heard the clatter and clang of vehicles, the shuffle of moving feet. In the corridor outside his door passersby spoke in harsh Russian voices. Listening to these alien sounds gave Paul Anderson a slight tug of homesickness for his hometown of Toccoa, Ga. And yet, his reason for being here marked the highpoint of his career, so far.

It was 1955 and young Anderson and five other American weight lifters were in Moscow at the invitation of the Amateur Athletic Union of Russia. The team was scheduled to compete with the Soviet's finest athletes the following evening at Gorky Park.

Paul should have been sleeping, but sleep eluded him. Instead, he thought of the incongruity of his situation. For this husky young giant had once been so close to death that his doctors had given up hope—only a dramatic combination of inflexible faith and fervent prayers had pulled him through.

It had happened when Paul was seven. One day he came home from school tired, feverish, and irritable.

Day after day it was the same. He began to lose weight and finally his alarmed mother called in a doctor.

At the hospital there were many doctors, more examinations. Through the open door of his room he heard the words "Bright's disease" drip in to jar his semi-conscious mind.

The days fell into an unrelenting pattern of shots, continuous treatment, eating and sleeping. And always his mother maintained a silent vigil at his bedside. The deepening of worry around her eyes told that his condition was steadily worsening.

Then one day, while he slept, his mother phoned all the clergy she knew. "Paul is dying," she told them. "We need your special help." Without hesitation, they marshaled their forces in answer to her summons.

A chain reaction of prayer spread across the city. Mrs. Anderson waited expectantly—one, three, five days—while Paul hovered between life and death. The doctors shook their heads, expecting the pitifully thin body to give up the struggle at any moment. But the time of the crisis passed and the lad lived. Mrs. Anderson called

ers again. "If Paul can stick," she said, "it will be because of his prayers."

On the sixth day Paul showed marked improvement. "You're doing fine," his mother encouraged. "Now we can get you on your feet again."

It wasn't easy. Bright's disease leaves its victims weak, thin, and listless. Some never recover. Finally, however, Paul was ready to go to school.

A lot of people have been praying for you, son," his father told him. "You can't let them down. You've got to get strong again."

The long road back was all uphill. But good food, exercise, and competition eventually in rugged training were finally paid off. By the time Paul was ready for high school he weighed 185 pounds and was ready to try out for the football team.

His high school days drew to a close, the once frail youngster weighed 200 pounds and had won a scholarship to Furman University. During his first summer vacation he became interested in weights, and began to build up his legs for football. As he learned more and more about the ancient sport of weight lifting, he became interested in its techniques and contest rules.

He discovered that in a weightlifting meet one is expected to perform three different kinds of lifts. The clean is known as the clean and

jerk is begun with the weights being placed on the floor. They are first lifted shoulder high, and then with a quick stiffening of the legs, jerked above the head.

More difficult is the press, where the weights are lifted from the floor to the shoulders, then pushed slowly above the head.

Paul entered national competition, winning a number of events. Then came the invitation that resulted in his present trip to Russia. Here he learned that weight lifting is to this Communist land what baseball is to Americans.

On this eve of the big event too many thoughts were racing through Paul's mind for easy sleep. Then a feeling of gratitude for his great strength came over him and he uttered a prayer that this gift might be used to the best advantage of God and his country. The tension flowed out of him, his mind relaxed, and he slept.

Gorky Park is not a regular stadium. It is an open-air amphitheater and on the night of the competition rain was pouring down. In spite of the weather, there were more than 15,000 well-soaked but enthusiastic spectators present. Every seat was sold and the overflow was jammed along the outer fringes and in the aisles. A Russian band struck up the Star Spangled Banner and the crowd hushed.

First on the program were the



lighter lifts, and in these the Russians and Americans were evenly matched. Then came the heavy-weights.

The Russian heavyweight champion, Medrediev, stepped up, dried his hands, and reached for the bar in front of him. The crowd roared its approval as he snatched 298 pounds, pressed 325 pounds, did 370 in the clean and jerk.

Then it was young Anderson's turn.

In the snatch he handled 316 pounds, in the press 404½ pounds, and then, with cool deliberation, he manipulated 426 pounds in the clean jerk. The voice of the announcer boomed out over the loud-

speaker system.

"Paul Anderson totals 1,344 pounds. The American has just set two new world's records. Never have we seen such weights lifted."

Anderson continued his triumph last year when he went to Austria to become American Olympic champion, but he is very humble about his accomplishments. "None of this could have been possible," he declares, "but for the prayers of others. And I am convinced I would not be alive today if I had been born of godless parents. I can never be able to express my gratitude for my parents, my country, and God."

\* \* \* \*

## Purification

*Mrs. Thomas Smith*

Come stand with me upon God's holy hill,  
My friend, my foe, and you whom I have wronged;  
Come stand with me and we shall know His will  
And we shall find the peace for which we've longed.

Now, now we stand and on our lowered heads  
There beats a radiant, transmuting fire  
That enters and enfolds us: love that spreads  
Through all our cells. In a celestial pyre

We leave our pride, our fear, our separateness.  
Not long we stand: we cannot ask for more  
Of this blest being. Turned from that vast throne  
We meet the world with our new-hearted "yes"—

This world beloved by Him whom we adore.  
We need no words: we know as we are known.

do you remember to "love your neighbor" when you're driving your car? Too many of us don't!

# Are You a Christian at the Wheel?

Lawrence P. Fitzgerald

THE FOREMOST marvel of the motor age is not speed, not horsepower, not wrap-around fenders. It is rather the incredible transformation that takes place in the personality of the average citizen who slides behind the steering wheel of an automobile.

There is something about a driver at that calls out the primeval beast. Though he may be the soul of courtesy in church and even on the sidewalk, let him turn an ignition key and he undergoes an abrupt change of heart that dulls his recollection of Christian principles to which he was ever exposed. How it works out for a man we will call Harry Jones. (Substitute any name you choose—even your own name—and you won't be too far wrong.)

With his family, Jones attended early morning service at First Church where he heard a sermon on love. "Love is the greatest thing in the world. If you love, you are patient and kind . . . you are not impatient and rude," said the pastor. Jones was deeply moved. Still in good mood after worship was over, he almost ran into old Mrs. Snodgrass at the church door, he stepped back immediately and said,

"You first, Mrs. Snodgrass."

Then he got into his car and started home. A block away, a woman driver pulled out of a parking space and stalled in the traffic. Jones pulled up behind her and couldn't get around. He pounced on his horn and began to blow. He could hear the other car's starter whirring vainly. More horn. Exasperated, Jones leaned out the car window and shouted: "Hey, lady, we haven't got all day. Let's go."

At that moment the stalled car started. As it turned the corner, Jones saw that the woman he had been insulting was old Mrs. Snodgrass.

A man can usually keep his temper under control in the office and almost always in church, but let him get into his car and away he goes—temper and all. A person like Jones who never thinks of yelling at an old lady in a church or a store will unhesitatingly give vent to his indignation if she gets in the way of his car. It is as if the automobile is another world where Christians step out of character.

Aside from the moral implications of boorish driving, the toll in blood and tragedy is inescapable. On a Labor Day week-end, for

example, motorists kill one person every six minutes. During the time you take to read this article, two persons will be killed.

The monthly figure is appalling. By this time next month, we shall have killed 3,000 persons by our automobiles. The yearly figures mount up to almost forty thousand—twice as many Americans as were killed annually during the Korean War.

You ask, "What does Christianity have to do with it?"

The answer, of course, is that no statistical breakdown shows how many of these drivers are church members and how many are not. But on the basis of the proportion of church members to the total population we can make an estimate. Sixty per cent of the population belong to church. Is it not therefore fair to assume that at least half our automobile accidents involve church members? Many of those accidents would not have happened if those church members had practiced their religion at the wheels of their cars.

In addition to deaths caused by automobiles this year there will be 1,350,000 non-fatal injuries. A girl will lose her eyesight. A man will lose both legs. A boy will carry an ugly scar on his face throughout his lifetime. Years of heartache and loneliness will result because millions of people ignored Chris-

tian principles when they got behind a wheel.

The Christian, in or out of a car, should seek to keep God's commandments, obey the law, practice the Golden Rule and seek to live by all the principles Jesus taught.

But do not the very causes of automobile accidents point up the un-Christian at the wheel we read of?

Wrong attitudes on the part of the driver account for a majority of the accidents. Paul W. Kearney, author of the book, *How to Drive Safely and Avoid Accidents*, says that "handling an automobile our attitudes are even more vital than our aptitudes."

Consider the driver who ignores the solid white line to pass a truck ahead of him. Even when he saw the other car coming he tried to beat it and pull in front of the truck. Instead, he was hit by the oncoming car and the car was demolished by the impact which was too close to stop before hitting him. Only by a miracle he escape with his life; but he will bear an ugly red scar forever as testimony not only to his lack of judgment but to his decision to take the law into his own hands and ignore the rules set for safety. This generation bears a kind of scarlet letter to witness its sins.

Governor Alan Shivers says

cent of the motor vehicle accidents in Texas are caused by violations of traffic laws. Yet, the concept of law has grown out of religious principles. Church members, of all people, should be guiding. The trouble is that we don't apply our religious scruples to our motor morals.

For instance, the Fifth Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." Every day hundreds of motorists violate it—with results they regard as tragic but hardly immoral. Thousands of motorists are ignoring the teachings of Jesus, for they go beyond the outward law to the motivations and said, "Don't get angry."

We have for a long time acted as if these laws somehow become unenforceable when we are in a motor car. But that sort of religiousness, fortunately, is fast disappearing. With increasing frequency church leaders are pointing out the serious implications of driving.

Evangelist Billy Graham at Madison Grove, New Jersey, last summer said, "Safety on the highways is a spiritual and moral problem. It's not a Christian nor civilized to drive carelessly. A man is just as liable when killed by your car as when killed by your gun." He said this barb. "You may think you're a good driver, but you're not when you fail to give the right of way. Selfishness is the

major cause of your driving troubles. But when Christ takes over your driving habits and your life, selfishness takes a back seat."

In Greenwich, Connecticut, twenty-two clergymen have launched a spiritual crusade against traffic fatalities. The chairman of the Greenwich Safety Council told the preachers that they could arouse "a spirit of love, courtesy and consideration" in the drivers in their congregations which would cut down accidents. He suggested, "People should begin to drive as though God was sitting in the seat next to them." His "safety prayer" is one that all drivers would do well to use often:

"Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we humbly beseech Thee to look down upon us and guide us safely on the highways today. Instill in us Thy spirit of love and consideration for our fellow men, so that our actions may follow Thy light and with Thy help we may lessen the loss of life by accidents. We seek Thy infinite understanding and mercy. Amen."

Another major cause of automobile accidents is haste. Governor LeRoy Collins of Florida says, "Statistics show that the leading violation in fatal accidents is speeding." Why did that car on Highway 30 miss the curve and crash into a telephone pole, killing two young soldiers and injuring two others? The driver, a captain, was going too fast to

make the curve.

In New Jersey, a patrolman had flagged down a motorist who was violating the law. He was talking to the driver when another car struck the policeman and he was killed. Cause? Carelessness and excessive speed. If a car strikes a pedestrian, the chances of death are increased in proportion to the speed of the car. For example, at ten miles an hour, the pedestrian may only be shaken up. At twenty, he will sustain one or more fractures. At forty, it will take only the flick of a fender to kill him.

Christians rightly have taught the importance of moderation and poise. We have been preaching to this age: "Slow down. You are going too fast." Yet, on the nation's highways, we rudely violate this principle many times every day.

The statement of Paul, "But one thing I do" (Phil. 3:13) is a tremendously important suggestion to the car driver, for a lack of concentration is the cause of a multitude of traffic accidents. That's why bus companies forbid their drivers to engage in conversation with passengers. Let others in the car play "Who Am I?" view the countryside and count out-of-state licenses if they so desire, but not the driver. Here, of all places, you can do only one thing at a time. Driving is a full-time job.

And what shall I say more of

cutting in too soon after passing, following too close upon another car, driving while sleepy, driving with one arm, failing to give signals, and drinking while driving. Christians must not be guilty of any of these!

Driving attitudes are important and have a relationship not only to accidents but to religion. But when you climb into the driver's seat, it may be too late to prevent many or sudden death. There are sins of omission as well as commission. There are more new cars on the road today than ever before, and greater safety is being built into them. Yet of the sixty-three million autos on the road, thousands are not kept in the proper shape for driving, especially the kind of driving we do today.

Jane felt she had to get out of Grandma's in a hurry, for Grandma was quite ill. Yet Jane did not know that the wheels of the family car had been out of line for months, that the tires had worn, that one of her wheels would squarely strike a small hole in the road, that the car would have a blow-out and the automobile would turn over.

Somebody had failed to take care of the tires of that wrecked car.

We Christians often speak of the sin of neglect. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?" we quote. We say, "I neglect to attend worship."



t your Bible reading. Don't  
t family devotions." Then we  
t and risk our lives and the  
of other people because we  
t an automobile.

course, every part of the car  
careful inspection frequently,  
is is especially true of brakes,  
nd headlights. Brakes should  
achine-tested every 3,000 to  
miles so they will be able to  
ne car within twenty-two feet  
it is going at a speed of twen-  
es per hour. Brakes that grab  
e just as great a hazard as  
that are loose. Moreover, the  
s must stop evenly.

old adage says, "Brakes stop  
neels, but tires stop the car."  
frequently do you examine  
ires? Underinflation is a con-  
cause of bruises. Today the  
e tire will go 30,000 miles,  
ly if it is given proper care.  
wheels are one-half inch out  
e, the tires are being dragged  
ys for eighty-seven feet in  
mile. Rotation of tires is  
tant in seeing that they wear  
. They should be shifted  
5,000 miles. Move the two  
tires to the rear and criss-  
he two rear tires as they are  
on the front wheels.

equipment failure most com-  
found in state inspections  
dlights. Check to see if your

lights are good enough to make out  
a person in a dark suit 350 feet  
away. Check also to see if the beam  
is directed straight ahead and not  
to the side.

In Minnesota, the governor  
wrote a letter to all the state's min-  
isters and suggested that they urge  
their congregations to keep in mind  
"the Golden Rule of driving—  
drive unto others as you would have  
others drive unto you." Similarly in  
Arizona, the governor wrote a let-  
ter to clergymen and pointed out:  
"Each week throughout our state,  
congregations assemble to worship  
God and pledge themselves to serve  
Him and their fellow men . . . but  
during the rest of the week, many  
of them rampage recklessly and  
carelessly on our highways with ut-  
ter disregard for the rights and  
lives of others."

As the Automotive Safety Found-  
ation has pointed out: "As much as  
anyone, and perhaps more than  
many, the Christian has a responsi-  
bility to drive and walk safely. His  
failure to do so has real life-and-  
death consequences and violates all  
Christian teaching . . . . He must  
apply daily the Golden Rule to  
driving."

When *you* get into *your* auto-  
mobile, that two-ton guided missile,  
take your Christianity with you.  
The soul you save may be your own.

## *How to Draw Your Family Together*

*Evelyn Witter*

WE WERE SEEING less and less of each other as a family. Organizations, school, and community activities (all worthy projects) were taking so much time from each one of us that we didn't have time for one another.

In our breathless haste we didn't even have time to decide what to do about our threatened family unity. Until one day, when the pace was racing fast, I learned how we could be busy individually and still live united in the true sense of the word. I learned that if we shared ourselves with God, we would share ourselves with each other.

The events that led up to the change in our household were the usual breathless-with-activities kind, so characteristic of our lives. It started when Jim, our teenager called: "Mom, is my good shirt ironed?"

As I set up the ironing board I remembered this was the special meeting night of the Future Farmers of America. I should have remembered to do this one piece out of the huge basket of waiting ironing, but I had had too busy a day to remember ironing anything. What a day it had been! I had

attended leaders' training school for the Home Bureau all morning, hurried home to prepare lunch for my husband and the three men who were helping him with the corn picking; then I had written and phoned in news items to the paper for which I was correspondent; and up until the moment when I got the S. O. S. for the shirt I was packing a box of clothing for the church rummage sale. What a breathless rush!

Before I finished the shirt, Louise, our grammar-school daughter came into the kitchen, waving a paper. "Mom, please see if I can get all my Bible verses for the church program," she pleaded.

The verses said, the ironing board down again, came a moment to relax before Jim's teacher knocked on the door. He was taking me to the meeting, and thought I should come early for a little chat. The chat didn't last long before Bill, my husband, dashed in with his choring to exclaim: "They broke out! They're headed for the cornfield. If they get in there we never find them!"

We dropped everything, of course, and a wild half hour herding hogs ensued. It was a

; we got them in as quickly as  
lid for we were due at the  
ch basement within an hour for  
ck and to prepare for the mor-  
s rummage sale.

at night as I dragged into bed  
s too tired to sleep. My mind  
whirling through the day's  
ities. In mind's eye I saw the  
ity-strained faces of my hus-  
and my children. The thought  
them made me sad. I wasn't  
lose to them as I meant to  
Our family life wasn't as  
fying as it should be either.  
ned to God. I prayed: "Dear  
er, I am afraid. Show me the  
to make our life together more  
a Christian family's life should

and as if in immediate answer  
my prayer I thought of one of  
verses Louise had recited to me  
very evening. It was from 1  
r 3:13: "And who is he that  
harm you, if ye be followers of  
which is good?"

I felt consoled as I repeated that  
e; as I was when I thought of  
another of Louise's memory  
es, the one from Proverb 1:33:  
oso hearkeneth unto me shall  
ll safely, and shall be quiet  
a fear of evil."

That was it! I thought. We were  
listening to the Lord enough.  
There was no reason why we could-  
lead busy lives without tearing  
elves apart . . . if we were

guided by the Lord's plan.

After the children left for school  
the next morning, I confided to  
my husband: "We're all getting  
busier and busier as time goes on.  
We've got to take the pressure off  
some place. The pace is telling on  
all of us."

"I know," he nodded in agree-  
ment. "I've thought about what hec-  
tic days we have. Racing around the  
way we do kind of takes the plea-  
sure out of everyday living. Still,  
life is so full, and wonderful, and  
exciting, it'd be too bad to miss any  
of the things we enjoy."

"I've thought about giving up  
activities," I said. "But there's the  
problem of which ones. Everything  
we do we consider essential."

"So?"

"So, I think the solution to our  
problem lies in how we go about  
these activities. We need God with  
us".

Bill looked shocked. "Are you  
implying that we do not try to lead  
good Christians lives?"

"No," I answered. "I mean we do  
not apply enough of the Christian's  
principles."

And that was the beginning of a  
new era in our household. We start-  
ed with a different observance of  
Sunday afternoon. Instead of the  
committee reports I once let go  
until then, I planned family activi-  
ties . . . walks through our timber  
identifying wild flowers and rocks

and birds, quiet family conversational groups in the dining room with light refreshments to augment them, calling on the ill and the aged. Sunday gradually became a day of rest, a day that was different.

Another way we brought God close into our family circle was by taking time with the children at bedtime. We discarded the hurried, "Don't forget to say your prayers, dear." Instead we made it a habit to pray with the children. And this change brought about better relationships. We began to feel closer family unity, because when the children were relaxed and time was not pressing on us or on them, they felt like talking. At these times

confidences were given and day's happenings recalled in detail. The children sought our counsel more than they ever had. And their confidences augmented by prayer. Children and parents drew close together. And the closer they came, the happier.

Our everyday life is still full of bustling activity. We like it that way, especially since we have learned to share ourselves with God. We live according to his precepts. We are busy, but not breathless. Our activities do not separate us from one another; rather they help unite us. We learned that by taking time for Him, there is more time for us to live abundantly.

\* \* \* \*

## Mirrors Of God

*Edna Russell Morgan*

A prism turns its facets to the light  
 And sunshine bathes it with a radiant beam;  
 Reflecting that illuminating gleam,  
 The prism is transformed before our sight.  
 A man lifts up his soul unto the light,  
 And radiant love streams downward to redeem,  
 Dispelling ego, which, while yet supreme,  
 Eclipses God and causes darkest night.  
 Illumine man, O Father, make him know  
 That when he transcends self and mirrors Thee,  
 Thou wilt upon his frailty bestow  
 The attributes of thy Divinity;  
 He dies unless he can himself outgrow  
 And bring God into visibility.



# The New Prayer Tower

The United Prayer Tower, responsible for these two pages of "Prayer Works!" in every issue of *Clear Horizons*, is moving to a new home. We are sure that all our readers will wish them God-speed.

In 1954 Mrs. Alma Fisher, Director, during a trip to Louisiana, was given a small purse containing five dollars to be dedicated to a new "Prayer Tower," then rapidly becoming a necessity because of crowded quarters. Glenn Clark blessed them with a prayer and predicted that the new Prayer Tower would become a reality within three years.

Other gifts followed and when Dr. Clark was called to his heavenly home, memorial tributes were sent for this special project. The trials and tribulations and some remarkable answers to prayers, and what the casual observer might term coincidences, have since that time constituted a fascinating story. Finally a small church, whose congregation was moving to larger quarters, was purchased and in this hallowed atmosphere, dedicated for so many years to the service of God, The United Prayer Tower now has a home. The address appears below.

A real tower, so long a symbol of their work, but never a physical structure until now, graces the structure and will continue to point heavenward for all who come to them for comfort and uplift.

The lending library, suspended for lack of room, will be reinstated and will be known as the "Carrie Bartsch Memorial Library."

The good wishes and prayers of Macalester Park Publishing Company of the Camps Farthest Out go with the Prayer Tower in this new venture, along with the conviction that future "Prayer Works!" letters will contain thrilling and inspirational accounts of the wonders of God's goodness.

—The Staff of Clear Horizons

## THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

The Prayer Tower is a group of praying people, in touch with prayer cells in this and in foreign countries. They *know* that with the prayer of faith *nothing is impossible*; that with God *all things are possible*. The Prayer Tower will gladly pray for your needs at any time.

This work is supported entirely by freewill offerings. We wish to thank those whose contributions make this work possible. Free booklet about the prayer Tower on request.

Address: The United Prayer Tower, 5829 27th Avenue South, Minneapolis 17, Minnesota, Telephone PARKway 2-2766; after 5 P.M., Saturday afternoon and Sunday, call Mrs. Fisher at TAYlor 2-7396, Minneapolis, Minn., or Mrs. Ecoff, MIDway 8-7365, St. Paul, Minn.



"Thank you for your prayers. My husband now has work, we are grateful and give thanks. We wish to still be remembered in your prayers."—*Oregon*

"I want to thank you again for your loving prayers for my healing and to say that I am still feeling well and doing my house work. To me this is a real, real miracle; for after five years of illness and being bedridden one gives up hope. Now I am up and busy and oh, so happy."—*Maryland*

"Late in August I wrote you, requesting my name be put in the Prayer Box, for better health. The results were almost instantaneous and I am deeply grateful. All my life I have believed in the power of prayer and the goodness of God—but perhaps I had temporarily lost my way, or I should say God's way. However with the help of the *Manual of Prayer* and our 'meeting together' daily at ten a.m. and three p.m. I can joyously say I am on The Path once more."—*Pennsylvania*

"Some years ago I sent in a request for prayer for my niece who

had a serious tumor growing on her spine and was to undergo operation. I am thankfully able to say that she made a complete recovery, surprising the doctors and her friends. I believe implicitly that she would not be alive today for prayer."—*California*

"Last year others wrote to me asking for your prayers on my behalf. I was suffering miserably and hardly cared whether I recovered or not. During the ensuing months while I fought the uphill struggle, my faith in prayer has been enormously strengthened—faith not only in my own prayers, but in the prayers of others. My last visit to the doctor was early this year. He expressed amazement that what should have been a routinely long illness should have taken a turn for the better so suddenly. I, too, was amazed having read of the ailment and its covering that it is a disease of standing trouble, having its roots in personal emotional strains of the past and sending its branches out into the future life of the individual. But I'm sure I'll have it again, because I know of whom I have believed."—*Vermont*



**"GENEVIEVE PARKHURST HAS TREMENDOUS POWER IN PRAYER . . ." — Frank C. Laubach.**

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GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

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